

Col. HENRY MARTIN
Familiar
LETTERS
TO
HIS LADY
OF
DELIGHT:

ALSO
Her kinde Returnes,
WITH
His Rivall R. Pettingalls Heroicall
EPISTLES.

Published by *Edm Gayton*, according to the
Original Papers under their own hands:
With an Answer to that Letter, intituled, A
Copy of *H. Martin's* Letter in justification
of the Murder of the late King *Charles*.

OXFORD,
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THE GENTLEMAN'S

LETTERS

TO

HIS LADY

OF

DELIGHT.

ALSO

THE MISTRESS'S

LETTERS

TO HER HONOUR

THE MISTRESS

OF THE MISTRESS'S

LETTERS

TO HER HONOUR

THE MISTRESS



TO THE

Delicate and male-contented Lady,

MARY WARD, alias MARTEN.

Madam,

These following Letters, by their indorlements and subscriptions, being yours, to none more properly ought they to be dedicated, then your own self, to whom the originals were first sent. Sparrows are for *Lesbia*, and these Epistles, most of them salacious, ought to flutter to the breasts of such a Lady, who knew how to chirp to the *Bird*, or *Martin* that presented them. In what condition you were, when these were surpriz'd, I am not willing to relate, onely I shall tell you of a Verse which your Dearest may translate :

Currendum est pede nudo

Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama,

Deprendi miseram est Fabio vel iudice vincam.

Really, Madam, had you bin a wife, these Familiarities might very well becom you, but being (*quod dicere nolo*) it does too much shew, that lawful beds

The Epistle, &c.

are not so highly courted as these: the use where-
of will cost a grand Repentance. The Collonel
can tell how expensive that sport hath been; who
from an estate of 3 or 4000 l. *per ann.* is brought
to Twelve-pennie exigencies. I do abhor to up-
braid, or insult upon unfortunate misery; I
would you were as tender of your selves, as I shall
be; and I could wish that you would send these
Letters which I send to you, to your two best Be-
loveds, *Dick and Hall*, with a Palinodia, or Re-
cantation, and say, *Mary* is not *Mary* now, but
shall stand upon a *Ward*, or Guard, which you
will, of future Chastity. Which is the humble re-
quest of

Madam,

*Votre tres humble
Seruiture,*

De Speciosa Villa.



TO THE
Ingenious and enamour'd Collonel,
Collonel *HENRT MARTEN*.

SIR,

THese Letters of Yours to Yours, had not seene the world, if you your self had not given just occasion for the incivilitie. There was a time (I would it had never been) when you voted and principally caused the Sacred Letters of your Sovereign, and his Queen (the Cabinet as it was stiled) to be made publick. There was a time (would it had never bin) when at *Longworth* you tore in pieces, with your own hands, the Kings Commission of Array. Pretty devices these (Collonel;) but now you see the times of retaliation are come: I am very glad they are come, that such rebellious and inhumane persons may be in their kinde required. *I know your genius of old, being of long acquaintance, ever since you liv'd in Aldersgate-street, under the tuition of the* then call'd Blew-nos'd Romanist your Father, who was the best Civilian in our Horizon, and a Sin-swinger, as they termed him: yet you, Collonel, were not under his verge, though you then deserved his censure as much as you doe now: How could it be otherwise expected, but that that vast estate (for he had but 40 l. *per ann.* of his own) should be expended, dissipated (as Mr. *Noy* said in another case) in such cases as you found out. This last, I could have wish'd *Casus omissus*, but you thought otherwise, and return'd the
streames

The Epistle, &c.

streames to the Sea, that is, your ebb of expences reflux'd to the Sins and Venerie from whence their Flood was. Pious use's money was spent in impious, and the Commutation fee spent upon Community. Let these Letters stand a charge for ever against you, higher then that for your life, and testifie what a Reformer you and your fellow-Governours of this Nation were like to be; who, if they were all so well decyphered, I believe we should finde them as true as your self to the Smock, or your Page *Dick Pettinall*. Blessed Reformers! *Noll and Hall*, or *Hall and Noll*, *Ligeniosi* *Requam*, Madam *Lambert*, and *Mary Ward*, and Old Nick take you, if you were not *Ad perndendam Rempubicam & Regem maxime idonei*.

Well Sir, you are now in the Tower, keep there, and if you can recant, repent; and now your nose is out of date, die however like a Roman. Forsake *Mall* and Presb. and all the Witchcrafts of your life, and from a Martin-marking, and mar-Prelate, turne a true S. *Martin*, that is, a Convert: which is the wish,

Sir,

Of Yours,

De Speciosa Villâ.



To the high Inamoretto of the
Lady MARY MARTEN.

Sicelides Musæ Paulo majora Canamus.

THe Pen of a Balzaac, or a Cleaveland, will be scarce lofty enough to write of thee, Dick Pettingall, who from a Page art exalted to be Secretary and Courtly servant to thy own Mistress: Thou didst do her more then eye-service, Dick, where ere she pickt thee up. 'Twas to be feared the many How-doe-jen's and Good-morrows sent by thy love-smitten Master, would instruct thee sometime or other to speak a word for thyself. To hold the door deserves now and then admittance into the Conclave: what hinders, but that a pimp (in defectu) may be a Coadjutor? Like Master like man, is a very good Proverb, and Moll is as good in the dark as my Lady, and Dick as Hall. With what a battery of language dost thou storme that Castle, which surrendred at a parley of Harry Martens: Thy great Guns play'd night and day, before the sweet Rendition. Curst theif! what Qualmes she put thee in, before thou hadst made use of Altolphos storie, thy self, poore Lad, wert Orlando Furioso! but at last, what can hold out for ever?

Castia

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

*Importunity is as prevalent as Gold; but Dick,
learn these verses against the courting of your next
Lady (if Madam Mary may not be totally yours now.)*

Pulveris aurati pluvia sit sparsa papyris,
Rescribet Danae sollicitata veni.

*Sprinkle your amorous lines with golden dust,
And courted Danae says, my Dick, we must.*

*What Store of this golden powder hath beene strewd
upon her let the lost Manours of that exhausted
Colonel speak, whose Father did disinherit him in
leaving him so vast a Fortune, as the Poet sings,*

Exharedavit te Philomuse Pater.

*The Estate thar's left an unthrifst Son,
Is but a disinherifon.*

*For there are more calamities to an estate, then there
are stormes and tempests, as you may read in Plautus,
where a Glycerium, a Philocomasium, a girl in En-
glish are found Calamitas bonorum Hamaxagoga,
foras Gerones, one girle, Dick, is Waggoner, and
Teams to draw a grand fortune into a small center,
such as Dick at present I leave thee in, till thy soul
awake, and thou see the danger of the pit thou hast so
long laid wallow in. Accept of this good counsel, which
is bestowed gratis, from*

Sir, Yours,

De Speciosa Villa.



Coll: *Henry Martins*

FAMILIAR

EPISTLES

To his Lady of Pleasure; also his
Politick and Oeconomical Letters, &c.

LETTER I.

*A Copy of H. Martins Letter in justification of the Murder of
the Late King CHARLES.*



Y person being hitherto by Gods providence
preserved from our old enraged, and new em-
powred enemies, yet knowing that Divine
Vengeance is not so to be escaped, if guilt
lies in my bosome, I thought, that of that lei-
sure I now have, I might well employ some time in arraign-
ing my selfe at the bar of my own conscience, and finde, if

I could, how I came to deserve (from men I mean) the rigours I undergo in the losse of that reputation and estate I left behind me, besides the manifest inconveniencies and difficulties I carry with me for the ietching out a pursued life in a strange land.

Upon serious consultation (it seems to me) the Royal party could contrive no one sacrifice so proper to appease the ghost of their often soiled cause, both in point of revenge & interest, as the persons who had the boldness to make an example of their Ring-leader.

The report of the crimes charged upon me overtakes me wheresoever I go, though the reporters know not how nearly some of their auditors are concerned therein, and it runs to this effect, ~~extended or extenuated~~ according to the severall affections of the relater.

1. That I with divers others about 11 or 12 years past, did sit in judgement upon the late King, and signed a Warrant for his Execution, accordingly he was put to death, and I thereby became guilty of Treason and Murther.

2. That I with some others did flie for the same.

Thereupon calling a Court at home, and to the best of my understanding having acted *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, the Lion and the Moon-shine (with lesse partiality perhaps one way, then would have appeared the other in the Votes on your side the waver) I stood clearly acquitted upon the whole matter, yet could I not satisfie my self with keeping this Verdict in my pocket, which (for ought I knew) might be serviceable for my Countrey, if by your meanes, and according to your discretion communicated; for though I doubt not but my fellow Commissioners now in question with you, upon that account are as well read as my selfe in the same truths I shall declare, yet considering they are to fence for their lives with Matters in the Art, and their Masters too, it will probably behoove them neither to confess, nor to exasperate.

1. My self far enough from both those cares, am content to acknowledge the bare matter of fact, that is, *I* did with others, about such a time sit in judgement upon such a person, and signed a Warrant for his execution, whereupon *I* believe he was after executed.

2. Could *I* have foreseen how dearly publick freedom must be bought, and how hardly it can be kept, *I* would have used onely my passive valour against all the late Kings oppressions, rather then voted, as *I* did, any War at all, though a defensive one: for you must understand that this act, whether its name be Treason and Murther, or Reason and Justice, its Parent was a Civil War.

3. Had *I* suspected that the Axe which took off the late Kings head, should have been made a stirrop for our first false General, *I* should sooner have consented to my owne death then his.

4. *I* am satisfied in my conscience that the said King thought in his conscience he died unjustly; wherein (if it were not presumption too high for me) *I* should blame the Parliament for having alwayes forbore to declare unto him his subjection to the Law, nay for having upon the matter so behaved themselves towards him, as might encourage him to think himself unaccountable to man for whatsoever he should do.

5. *I* believe it was irregularly done of the Parliament, both in the Earl of *Straffords* case and in this, to order the triall of any particular person, their proper business having been anciently *Legis latore* and *avis dature*: at that time the whole Parliaments work, and the Supreme Magistrates was devolved into one house. Whereunto neverthelesse no iudicative power ought to belong, though there be here and there presidents of it in former times.

6. My opinion is, that the way of triall by Commissioners without a Jury was yet more irregular, for he ought not to have been put into a worse condition then the mea-

nest Englishman, who may claime to be tried in a knowne Judicatory before sworn Judges, and by a Jury of twelve men, all agreeing : if it be for his life, by two Inquests upon oath one after another. Although in this case it could not have come to the petty Jury, because the King refused to plead.

In all this I take no Murther to my self, nor Treason, as being sure I had no murtherous nor treasonable intent about me in what I did.

Murther it is either so by statute, when I kill a man suddenly, without being provoked by him I shall be supposed to bear malice in my heart towards mankind in general: when I kill a man, though in an accidental fray, if with such a kind of weapon as bevrays a bloody mind: when I kill a legal Officer in the execution of his office : when I kill him whom I intend but to wound or maim, or when I kill one thinking to have killed or hurt another ; in like manner advising, assisting, abetting and concealing murther, is the crime advised, assisted, abetted, or concealed.

Murther at the Common Law I commit, when I kill or cause to be killed or hurt, so as he die thereof within a year, any man, woman, or child, upon malice prepensed, which I shall be understood to bear him, though I had no former grudge to his person, if by his death I projected any advantage to my self, or to any other who employed me therein, or with whom I combined ; therefore I cannot apprehend how my case should fall into any one of these qualifications; and yet I confesse, did I appear to have killed a man, or caused to be killed, and could say no more in my own justification then the negatives of what I have now enumerated, it would hardly serve my turn; my plea therefore is, That I judged the late King. *

*. Although Martins name be not to the Letter; yet he owned it to a Member of the House of Commons to be

be of his own ending and writing. who being askt by the said Member to whom he did intend to have sent it, he made this answer, that he intended it for the Presse, as a Letter from himselfe to a friend, be'ieving that it might encline (at least) some of the people (raming the Jurie) that were to passe upon the lives of his fellowes, to a moderation toward them.



LET.



LETTER II.

My last and onely Love, though I were sure to live an hundred years longer, and thou not half so many hours.

AS for news, it cannot be worth the gaping after (any more then the weather) the worst will come soone enough; the best is like to be welcome whensoever it comes. I confesse what I hear is not very good, but (just like weather again) it may rain two or three dayes in a weeke, and that in summer, and it may hold up a fortnight together, and that in the midst of winter. The Skill is, not in being weather-wise, but weather-proof. In one thing, the storms I mean, are contrary to those the clouds pour upon us: for in that case it is best to keep all our clothes about us, and houses over our heads; in my case, to throw off all we can, and snugg like a snail within our own selves, that is, our mindes, which no body but we can touch. I could stuff my whole sheet of paper with this discourse, but that I have a bigger providing for thee. Besides, I hope to talk it out with thee very shortly: and but for the weather, in earnest, I believe my keeper would have fetched thee to me by this time. My Dear, it is indeed a very great blessing that you have all your healths, as I have mine, I thank God. Methinks, when I have that, and meet an enemy (of what kind soever) I am able to keep him at sword's point; when I want that, he is got within me, and it requires a huge strength of heart to keep one's ground, when both sides are set upon at once: I like the good use thou makest of your being little better then prisoners; sure thou art a piece of a Philosopher. That Lord should not deceive me quite, yet no fastening upon any thing that may miscarry. Loder was yesterday with me, and instead of satisfying what I pressed him to, told me, that until he saw the end of the next Term he knew not whether he should be undone or no by meddling with my estate; they bear him down at Court that all
is

is juggling betwixt him and me : and lest they should take the advantage of the weekly allowance *I* receive from his Cousin *Stanton*, *I* must receive it henceforth from my Sister *Edmonds*, to whom he will pay it. Do not let this trouble my sweet Soul neither, for thou and *I* have leaned upon many a broken reed ere now, and afterwards lighted upon a sounder staff. Hitherto was written yesterday : This morning my son is gotten in to me, and *I* will presse hard for thee by hook or by crook : yet this newes *I* must tell thee that he brought me from my brother *Stonhouse*, that (contrary to what *I* had heard) nothing at all has been done in the house against us since one single motion on munday was seven-night, seconded by no body. *Betty* is not come yet, though provided for. *I* thank thee for my Ale, it was very good. All happinesse to my sweet soul this fine day, and ever and ever.

Thine for such a time. *H. M.*

LETTER 3.

My Dearest,

THough *I* have nothing to enclose in my paper, but the same heart which was thine before, yet *I* must be writing, because thou wilt have it so; and besides, if ever thou hadst need of a mans heart, it is now. *Dick* was here to day *I* think him, but did not tell me the worst. *I* will try all the wayes *I* can above ground to help thee, if an officer come that thou thinkest is one indeed, thou must give him thy right name; thou maist tell him thy other too, and bid him set down both, for thou art known and called by both. The poor wench that carries this *I* believe loves thee, which makes me almost troubled that *I* have not a penny to give her. Munday is neer, till then, and afterwards, and for ever, God keep thee, and my soul,

Thy *H. Martin.*

LETTER 4.

My sweet soul,

WHether I have any thing to send thee or no, I must be scribbling to thee. perhaps I am as well pleased in the doing of it, as thou in the receiving. First, I give thee an account of my self, and as to that I am very well (I thank God) though my Doctor (whose name would foule this paper too) hath beene with me (off and on) ever since midnight. Next, I am to have an account how my Deare does, and my brats, though I can scarce believe a word thou sayest, when thou tellest me they are all well; therefore the bearers eyes are sure to be examined at this return. Lastly, it is not much amiss to let thee see, for thy comfort, that one who has never a penny in his purse may be able to send his Love something that may be reasonable good, and get a porter to carry it. The roots come from Colchester, and the water with a little sugar tastes not ill (methinks.) God be with my poor heart, and all the little pieces thereof.

Thine everlastingly.

Henry Martin.

Countrey *Robin* went away yesterday as wise as he came, but I wrote by him my service to our Friend.

LETTER

LETTER 5.

My poor sweet dear heart and soul,

HOW dost thou do? I would have seen thee whipt before I had told thee the other days news, if it had not been to prevent a worse inconvenience: neither can I yet come to the speech of the Gentleman Porter, whereby I might understand the bottom of that business. Well, in spite of 'um all, thou and I will see one another if we can, and (if we cannot) love one another better than any of them is able to love himself. I have set another friend of mine to work about lodgings for thee, and I have provided this for Mr. *Pettingale* to lose his labour with, if thou and he think fit, and have wherewithall. Here are a few pennies and a bottle of good Claret I believe. Blessing upon all my pretty brats, and upon their own mother, and see if it can miss her,

H. Marten.



C

LETTER

LETTER 6.

My poor sweet Dear,

Would I could do thee halfe so much good as thou dost me in letting me know how thou dost, though it be far otherwise than I would have thee. *Tom Peyron* told me indeed that thou took'st a vomit last Sunday, but wert pretty well upon it. I am afraid I can guesse too right at the greatest part of thy disease, or at least, the ground of it, which is melancholy and thoughtfulness for things which I can apply no remedy to, so much as by discourse, or otherwise then this way, and this thou shalt not faile of, so long as thou reach pen, and ink, and paper. I confesse I am glad when thou dost furnish me with messengers, partly to save the charge of a post, and chiefly to understand how it is with thee and my children. Last week I wrote a letter into Berkshire to a friend (as I thought) for some matters, but got not so much as an answer again. I did the same week set another instrument on work, but have yet no account of it. Major *Wildmans* imprisonment was unlucky to me, and Mr. *Loders* restraint and my daughters some way or other though we shall be assisted, because I have beene on bare board a thousand times in my life, and yet still found a twig or something to hold me up. But I am resolved that the next 30^l. which comes shall be the Lieutenants; lesser summes may do the rest of thy body service; But that must cure thy heart, which dwells here with

My Soul, thy true

H. Marten.

LETTER

LETTER 7.

My dear Love,

NOT so much to send thee thy Oranges and thy Peates that thou left it behind thee; nor any thing else to keep them company, nor to give thee an account how pitifully *Sarah* cries now she is with her father, nor to know from thee how thou didst speed at Mr. *Strattons* with my note; do I dispatch this bearer to thee, as to learn how my two brats do, that are now in thy armes, especially the little one, who wants the others heart, and yet had as good a one of her own, that thou gavest her twice already: if she mend, I need not wish thee joy, but in case she does not, I must put thee in mind, that every thing thou hast, except thy mind (that is thy self) is loose about thee, as well thy Smock, and whatsoever is neerest thee, as thy uppermost Garments, and those that thou wert plundered off above seven years ago. I do not forget thy Cordial, as soon as I have any opportunity of sending to the place. For this time I bid thee good morrow with all my heart, that is, with all my self, and rest (though but outwardly, till I hear from thee.)

My Soules own,

Saturday, betwixt 8. or 9.
of the forenoon.

H. Marten.

LETTER 8.

My own Heart,

I know not what hast this Letter will make to thee: but I thought to have sent up little *Ferrie*, whom riding hath made so sore, that I cannot find in my heart to make riot till to morrow; then he must and will be with thee. I hope, by Wednesday night. I was fain to lie at *Abington* Saturday night; yet I stick to the note thou hast by thee of going hence to morrow. The worst is I can send thee no money, in regard Major *Wildman* is gone again into *Sussex*. *Lemster* I presume will do it, if thou canst make any shift in the mean time. I hope thou hast gotten little *Peggie's* things from *Brainford*, though I was glad to write a tucker to Mrs. *Parish* for the loan of 40 s. to fetch them off. *M. Ingram* hath given me very good satisfaction concerning his wives words, which I would relate to thee at large, but that I believe thou knowest all already by a Letter he sent me up on Thursday. *Nan Stone*, contrary to my expectation, did come downe with the Carrier appointed. Our Girles (especially *Finnie*) are but coarsely used by their mother; yet being only words, they must endure it for ought I know; the rather for that (if they list) they may neglect and despise her as much as their Sister *Nan* does. Remember me to all my friends according to their severall capacities: but be very careful, my Dear, of her lame brother, of my couple of biddies, and of my study-doore key. I am, and so am like to be a great while,

My sweet Soul,

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 9.

My Dear Soul,

I Sit not long enough in all conscience since thou and I saw one another? methinks it is a pretty while since thou hadst a letter from me. But *Tom Peyton's* coming one day, and *Job Wards* the next, made a reasonable shift to stay my stomach. The latter of 'um (I thank him) drunk thee up a bottle of good Sack; there is never a drop left neither. But thou dost not grudge it him at parting; and I hope now he is off hand. Prethee charge *Tillie* to tell me truly how my poor brat does. Thou must send me to morrow thy 40 s. Ambassador to be employed in another money businesse, perhaps he has a luckier hand then *Dick*; and in the mean time one of them should goe to the inner Temple Cloyster,, about the middle whereof is a doore into a little Court, and also by the doore a Stationers shop; where I would have it enquired, how a body may find Mr. *Chute*, a young Gentleman, whose father was a good Lawyer, and had chambers in that Court: if they are not able to inform, it is likely one may learn at my L.P.'s lodgings. The enclosed I send thee (not for thy opinion in the answering, for I have answered it already, and told him I knew thy minde as well as if I were in thy belly, but) to shew thee that the honest fellow will not forget us quire. The truth is, the wearther and wayes too are very tolerable yet, and it is a huge while to maintain a family in *Hoskney* lodgings till the Spring. I have not sent Sir *John* any message yet by the Gentleman Porter concerning thy quartering with me (as I intended) because his onely child is now sick again, and has been almost a week, so as, till that be over (as they say he is upon recovery) there is no coming neer him for any favour. Let me know all thy mind by *Tom*, either in writing
or

or word of mouth, (for sure writing is too much toil for thee in this case) and thou shalt hear again from

My sweet Love,

Thy own,

H. M.

LETTER 10.

My Deare,

FOr all I sent thee a double Letter yesterday by *Job*, and got never a one from thee to day by thy man, yet thou shalt have another now; together with a leg of mutton, two loaves, a peck of flower (though not of 18 d. the bushel) and four bottles of *Will. Parkers* Lemon Ale. He brought me a fine Nosegay, and Strowings, and some Lettice that he was fain to borrow, and scarce worth taking up; however I like his coming, to save the charges of a Porter, which I finde considerable, though he be a very honest fellow. Therefore let *Stephen* come again on Thursday morning, and no farther then the Butchers, who can better come to me then he. Bus *Baconhog* for me, the rest I must bus my self, when I can catch them. My service to our true friend, and good morrow,

My sweet Soul,

Thy own

H. Marten.

LETTER

LETTER II.

My Heart,

I was late this morning ere I received thy yesterdaies basket (and Letter, the sweetest flower in the parcel) so as I should not have sent thee an answer till to morrow in the company of some vitch, but that I longed to vent a little of my newes. I have gotten, not *Dick Peters* himself, but a man of his, with instructions to stay here so long as I will have him, and wait upon whom I bid him. *Dick* does reserve that farme for thee, and would have come up, but that in order to his journey he hastened his wife out of *Derbyshire*, while she was too greene, into that place, where she has taken cold enough to make a new lying in of it, that he knowes not whether she will live or die. Therefore, though I wish our true friend well again, for his own sake chiefly, yet I confesse I wish't very much for thine. I believe the other matter is very neer ripe too, I mean, halfe of it, so far as I could drive it. More of that on Monday. At last Mr *Loder* is come to town, & I think will let me see him to morrow. My Keeper and I are contriving how I may see somebodie else; but I will not tell thee who that is, because thou hast a shrewd guesse of thy owne. I have sent thee two Tower loaves of two sorts, and every pennie of money I have. Twil mend, and so will

Thy own

Henry Marten.

LETTER

Cell: Henry Martens

LETTER 12.

My own Heart,

I Have spoken, and am fairly promised a Regiment, but of Foot. *M--* will not be in town till to morrow seven night, or tuesday next at soonest. My Lady *L--* made very much of me, and asked kindly for thee: she goes not away till the next week toward the end of it. I told her when thou art to be Churched, and that thou wouldst visit her so soon as ever thou com'st abroad. But she means to prevent thee; so as I must send thee some goodnesse to morrow for her. This roguish money does not come according to promise; it will sure. In the mean while I am though

Thy poor, thy true,

H. Marten.

LETTER 13.

Sirrah,

There is no wonder if I love thee dearly now, for I hear say thou gottest money the other day. This day little Bacon-hog is one week elder then she was; and to morrow night I intend to visit Mopet. Mean while (*Huffie*) doe you make much of my Peggy. For I hope by to morrow seven-night to fetch them up mother and all: and then I warrant thee if I buse pretty *Lucie Parker*, thou wilt be yellow of

My Heart,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LET.

LETTER 14.

My sweet soul,

Besides seeing thee (which is good at any time) and being kept touch withall according to promise (which honest people love dearly) I have a bushel of talk for thee to entertain thee with, so as I doubt thou wilt not have time to eat a bit with me, yet I shall look for thee about dinner time, and get some fish for my self and those that come with thee. And me thinks it should be a fine day to bring me as many of my Brats as are in a condition for health, and hang clothes.

Here is a note inclosed which will help thee to some money for the purpose we designed it, from which I would not have thee divert it by any means. Good morrow to my Heart till anon.

Thy

*H. M. now
and anon too.*

Prethee go over to 'um (at least) to let me know how they doe, and leave this little token for 'um.

LETTER 15.

My poor Dove,

Though I starved thee yesterday with cold, by forgetting to send thee wood, I will make thee amends to day in telling thee I shall not run away from thee. *Scot* and *Robinson* are gone on that errand. I am to meet with *Greg* anon. What we shall do I know not; but I will make a bolt or shaft of it now, and not abate him a fanning of that I resolved, either in money or in time, like

My own heart,

Thy

D

H.M.

LETTER 16.

My Soul,

When shall I see thee? when shall I have thee with in some compass of being able to send to thee, or hear from thee once every day? The ugly Carriers Porters wife cheated me, when she told me she would come againe, and perhaps cheated thee of thy shoulder of mutton. I have now sent thee a little of my *Longworth* commodity, and a scrapp of the business, viz. 4's: Buys my little brats for,

My Heart,

Their

Daddy, H.M.

LETTER 17.

Good marrow Vallemine

For thou art first in my eye, or in my heart; but thou art not like to be mocked first, no more then poore Bacon-hog is with her little tooffes: thou shalt have cloth for all four bums so soon as ever I can spin: I have some hemp upon the wheele. Mean while here is a dozen of eggs for thee, and a pound of butter, just now bought of a countrey Hegler. According to our bargain I am to have some grafs from thee: let it not be much. B'w'y sweet Souh,

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

The Captaine hath sent me one of his countrey Wast-coats, which I have upon my back; by the same then thy maid may be glad she has not the washing of the old one: for I believe it would take up more sope then I sent the other day.

LETTER 18.

My dearest Dear,

Thou hast I hope by this time digested one shrewd
brunt; and art the better prepared for another. To
morrow morning we are all to appear at the House
of Commons, to shew cause why the sentence given against
us should not be executed. I think we can shew a very good
one, wherein the Kings honour and the Paliaments is con-
cerned: if they think otherwise, who can help it? That can

My sweet Love,
Thy own for ever
and ever, *H. Martin.*

LETTER 19.

My sweet dear Love and Soul,

Let me know how thou do'st, either by Letter of any bo-
dy's writing, or by any messenger. As for matters; I
have now set so many wheeles a going, that some will
sadge sure; I mean considerable, for I am pretty certaine
of being able to send thee a scrap before monday night.
Keep up thy poor heart, sweet Soul, a little while, though
thou hast no reason for it, but for that I am ever and ever

Thy own, and no bodies else,
nor any thing else,

H. M.

LETTER 20.

My Heart,

THIS Letter is not to thee, it is to honest * *Dick*, that will entitle me to the doing him any good; for though *I* was very well before, yet methinks that conceit makes me a great deal better.

I will not write to thy man, but I will goe very neare to do for him as thou bidst me, shortly too: and I will promise me to forbear what thou forbiddest me, that is, giving him money; it is not so flush; neither did I ever except one six pence. Commend me to poor little *Betty*. Thou dost according to my own heart, and God will bless thee and thy little *Bettys*, and

Thy old Dear,

H.M.

LETTER 21.

My heart,

THOU must not be a naughty Deare, because I look like one in not coming, nor writing to thee since monday morning, and keeping Møpper from thee too. But the * House and the Council doe make such a Rogue of me, that *I* have much adoe to say my prayers; and yet *I* must pray all this day in the House; soon *I* hope to be with thee, and mean while thou must accept this pretty token of my love, from

Sweet Soul
Thy o.vn,

H.M.

LETTER 22.

My poorest sweetest dearest heart and soul,

Bear up a little longer, and arm thy self for the worst. If God will not let thee keep all 3 thank him for two: if thou canst not have a sight of thy own, make much of a piece of paper from him; and if that get nothing in it, put the top and the bottom together, & there is a little Cordial. There is some luck too that this bearer can come at me: let us make the best use of what we have, and let me know by the next whether you and *Dick* doe approve of the other *Essex* job. I cannot abide to keep any of thy few friends (especially all of them) so long from thee: and therefore God be with thee, and with

Thy ever and ever, and ever,

H. Marten.

LETTER 23.

My Dearest,

I Sent thee a barrel of Oysters yesterday, which I hope the brats have not guttled away; for my meaning was they should be saved till thy Churching, and then thou mightst eat some thy self. My Hartington chapman hangs an arse still, but the Lemster man is come to town, and so is Loder. The deuce is in it if some money does not come from some place. Mean while it is pretty good luck that I can get credit for thy victuals and the families, and dine my self every day almost upon free-cost. Poor *Hall* is faine to quarter with his Aunt, who is now rid (as they tell me) of

of her thee guest, and of her sicknesse, onely lame still, and keeps her bed. Good morrow to my sweet Love, saith

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 24.

My deare,

IF any butter would stick upon my bread, I should by this time have had wherewith to warme thy fingers ends; but my poor soul must put on a bushel of patience: For though it be but Wednesdai morning, I am at the bottome of my tubb, having given the bearer money to buy thee nine pound of soap, two pound of candles, one of rush, the other of cotton of eights, and a sixpenny loaf. I am glad to hear thou and my brats are well. So soon as any good news comes, thou shalt be sure to heare of it, and feel it. So good morrow to my sweet Love.

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 25.

My sweet soul,

IDo confesse it is hard to make bread without corne, though the baker be never so good: therefore (and indeed for reasons enough besides) I do all I can about the crop: as it comes in thou shalt have notice; and however, that we may think what is to be done next. I cannot send thee any thing now, because of *Finnies* being here; but if thou canst send me some messenger to morrow morning, I shall have a good bit of two for thee, and for my brats.

brats. I believe thy brother will be good company for thee, I mean for thy security as long as thou stayest there: if thou hast reasons to the contrary, give me but a hint of it, and he shall be persuaded to quarter elsewhere. My service to your honest Landlord. I rest, my heart,

Thy owne

H. Marten.

LETTER 26.

My sweet Love,

I Have spoken and prevailed with Mrs. Dawson, who desires Mr. Stephens would come to her house any morning in St. Martins lane, just above the old Swan stairs, and authorize her from my Lady P--- to deale for such commodities in her Ladyships behalf, and keep them at her owne home when she has bought them, till my Lady has occasion to use them. 50 or 60 l. shall be ready: and I believe, if need be, as much more, if the penniworths be answerable: and when the goods be there, they are not at Bennets, nor any bodies that will put thee to streights to redeem 'um, or make 'um eat out their heads. If thou canst not conveniently get Mr. Stephens to go so far, go thy self: She will be glad to see thee; thou wilt finde her a very good body, and discreet, and one that loves him that thou doest not hate. And if thou be'st yellow, what care I? My service to that friend of thine, of whom I am not so yellow, as all the world besides is, because I doe know better then they, that I and nobody else is,

My Dears own

H. Marten.

LETTER 27.

My sweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy two Tokens of yesterday, though thou didst but send them me, and hadst them safe home again I hope. I do partly expect thee here to day: prethee come or send, if thou canst, if for nothing else, that I may know how thou dost after thy Pills Ruff and thy poor belly. But I would fain have a bushel of talk with thee too. Mean while I have sent thee by this bearer to be laid out in Southwark market (since he did so well last time) 3 s. 6 d. for a joynt of meat at his discretion, 1 s. for a loaf of bread, and 2 s. for a quart bottle of Canary, and 1 s. for himself. Morrow to my Heart, and I was going to say I rest, but I believe I shall not, till thou beest either seen or heard of by, Soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 28.

My poor sweet soul,

THat I could send thee my two armes and hands at the ends of sum enclosed in a Letter: for indeed I begin now to be as much afraid of thee as of my little baby, and of the two I know which would be most missed, to say nothing of the simple thing called love. I may well call it simple, because it won't be gone, if a body would never so fain; but (like a disease) the more pittifull the party is wherein it lies, the stronger and lustier it growes. Prethee Dear, think of some body to help thee in this luggage; if thou art not provided with a fitter, I should commend the bearers big girle *Sarah*, for whom, though I cannot say much in many other respects, yet I have

ob.

observed her very good natur'd towards an untowardly child as can be *Bettie Combs*, by the same, token that the mother on't commonly will give her a penny a time to tend her for an hour or two in her absence, then she is trusty and at hand to be sent of errands, especially betwixt thee and me, and loose, and to be turned off again at pleasure: let me know thy minde herein, but I shall not be right, till thou get some body or other to take off part of thy drudgery.

Poppets Ague is turned into the sleeping disease I think, she will eat no meat, nor pottage made of meat, nor egge, yet well enough, and merry with a few humours, that I can make an assie of as I list: she has not taken her powder, but shall ere thou hear from us again.

Will. A--- was here yesterday, as you may perceive by the bottle, and the *Longworth* Pidgeons had a mind to take their leaves of her, before they flew quite away.

This little token is for *Peggie*, who is to keep two of the summes for her younger sisters, and make use of the third for her Fathers sake, who is,

My Loves Love,

H.M.

If any little mad girl have lost a small parcel of golden ear-rings, I know a cunning man will cast a figure for 'um, and use her reasonably.

LETTER 29.

HOW did my poor Dear sleep last night, after the alarm thy man gave thee from hence? but thou hast been used to such things! The worst was he had nothing to carry thee from me except a couple of candles: but thou art used to that too. I shall now give some comfort to thy little heart, having lately perused the Kings Speech and the Chancelors, either I am very much mistaken in them, or they signifie no great danger to us, whose faults are almost as old as our selves. Then I believe Mr. C---- will be with thee either to day or to morrow morning with a small token of my love. But dost thou wonder that I should know thy minde as well as if I were in thy belly? why thou know'st mine, and if I thought there were ever a corner in it dark towards thee, I would set it on a light fire but thou shouldst see it. Oh the pitifull butter that thy man bought the other day! this I hope is better, but if it be not, I could not help it, for it was past nine this morning ere my doore was unlocked, and then the first businesse was to borrow a little money of one of my fellow prisoners, so that by that time I can send for any thing the best of the market is gone. Here is somewhat else for thee too, as bread, and beer, and sparaguls, and 3 s. to buy thee coles (for if your countrey be not hotter then this, you will hardly know it to be mid-day by the weather) which is more by 2 s. 9 d. then I was worth three hours agoe. Because we will offend our Gentlemen no more then we needs must, thou shalt not send so much as Peggie or any body else to me, yet I will make a shift either every day, or once in two dayes at least to conveigh a piece of paper to thee; and I am not very angry with thee (what ever the matter is) for thy scribbling so often to me. But hark you (housewife) I will not have Dick thank you for nursing.

ling him up, but me for making you a nurse: For what a simple one hadst thou been, if thou hadst not practised two or three times upon

My Love,

Thy owne,

H. MARSH.

LETTER 30.

Only dear Love,

THE danger thou wert in by thy coming to me, and the fright I was in by telling me so: for the simple woman when she was denied coming into the Tower, and delivered her basket and napkin at the gate, must needs tell them she had a letter too for the Collonel: which, by good fortune, though the other broke it open, no body read but the Gentleman Porter, and he told them there was nothing in it, as indeed there was not, but about the little girle; yet that might have bred trouble enough, as it was like to have been construed; and the Gentleman Porter himself does not know how it may be taken if she should stay long; she's shod but wants other things pitifully; as I can help her I will, and long; for a thousand reasons, to see her back side, I mean, to see her taken down with thee into the Countrey. I did at a venture send for Dick by the last post, that if he could possibly, he should come up himself, if not, send up the same man with one or two horses and a paire of panniers. I may well call it an adventure, considering how we are provided: but God may send somewhat in the mean time; or if honest Dick be here in person, the labour will not be lost. It is unlucky that your man is sick; but if the small Pox was to come, it could not have lighted better amongst you. I am glad to hear that the little one will save you travel for dres-

sing her meat, so she can have it raw: but I believe that was onely a fit of her teeth which made her glad of the cold she found in the raw flesh. Since I wrote thus far, Master T----- advises me to rid away the girle so soon as ever I can conveniently, for the strictnesse encreases, though no body knowes any reason for it. I have sent thee such commodities as I have, with order to buy some things by the way, and with a little token in the belly of my letter. And so good-morrow to my sweet Soul, and the Gentleman that is as whole as a Fish, and to my least of brats, and to *Clem*, together with *Betty's* commendations, that has been very earnest with me to send her a piece of Lamprey: I am faine to tell her that *Glem's* Mistress must have the disposal of all I send. Who am

Heart,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 31.

Love and Dear,

I Do not thank thee for the hundred fine things thou sentst me last night by the woman, nor care for any thing thou hast done, or canst do, but coming to me; and that thou must do this day: it is already laid, thus; first thou art to make a rogue of thy self, then to take what guard thou wilt to the water side, then a boat at what stairs thou wilt, that may bring thorow-bridge (the tide is ordered for the nonce) to be at the by-ward about one of the clock, and then come in with the crowd, but without thy brother or thy friend, or any body that has been seen with thee: nobody will take notice of thee there, but one, that stands there on purpose to bring thee off, if need be. In case thou hast a couple of Squires to conduct thee so far, thou mayst

direct them to retire to the Angel or the Rose, or some such good neighbouring-place, or perhaps to *Gardiners* or mother *Thorntons* within the Tower, and yet keep distance enough from thee; and we shall be able to send them their dinner in victuals, their drink, thou knowest, is to be called for at their quatters, and that (being moderate) will be cleared too. Whether thou wilt take this opportunity of bringing the poor girl along with thee, I leave to thy discretion. The care I take is for my own poor girl, that I am sure needs not be disguised for me; it is so long since I saw her, that I shall make her tell me some tokens before I believe it is thee, when I do see her. But why do I stand tittle tatling now, when it is more then time my letter were gone? there will be Peggy, and there will be Popper, and there will be Bacon-hog to make Ladies of, and then their maid to be made an ass of. Therefore (housewife) go about your business, and let me heare no more on you till I see you. For how canst thou tell or no whether thou hast got ever a

Heart and Dear
of

H. Marten.

LETTER 32.

My dear Love,

THough I might thank thee for my good chear (which I am sure I should not have had without thee) yet I will thank thee for nothing but my good company, neither do reckon thy self all that, nor thy pair of poppers: therefore prethee doe thou it for me to the fourth party.

The company I got in my Landladies chamber could not have been less welcom to me at any other time, though they had

had brought fair water with them : but thou and I must pick a quarrel from thence to meet so much the sooner again. I will take upon me, without thy order, to keep alive that Staffordshire business, because in this dogg-age a body must be content with a Cat that will but catch a Mouse, though she run away from a Rat.

So soon as *Loder* has been with me, I will give thee an account how 'tis. Next week I hope to tipple thy nose again in Rhenish ; take the Sugar in the meane time, for I dare not trust my self with it, neither can I send thee any thing that I must go to fob for, but thy ordinary allowance of bread, and yet I don't think but I am

My own Hearts

Henry Marten.

Here's *Clems* busk. Remember my bottles and lettuce, but not much. Mr. T---- (when I can spare him) shall goe into *Holland* to fetch thee some sweet Strawberries.

LETTER 33.

My deare Heart,

I Thought now within a day or 2 I should have obtained leave for thee to come and see me ; but it seems thou hast a worse Keeper then I : which addition to thy other troubles thou needest not ; neither would I put thee in minde of what is heavy enough upon thee, if it were not to shew thee that thou hast a partner in the weight, and therefore must reckon it lighter by one half then it is. This may be good Philosophy, but real assistance I can give thee none. Be of good cheer though (my Love) because things must be at the worst, before they will mend. God send thee thy health again

again, and so soon as ever *I* know it, *I* will make some shift
or other that thou shalt come to me.

Mean while, and ever, *I* am

Sweet Soul,

Thy true

H. Martin.

LETTER 34.

My Heart,

All the comfort *I* have now for thee or my self, is, that
to morrow is Saturday. Mean while, and then too, and
a pretty while after, that *I* am, and am like to be,

My own Soul,

Thy

H. Martin.

Our Speaker takes Phyfick for ten dayes, and we have
chosen Mr. S--- for Speaker in his room during his ab-
sence.

LETTER 35.

My Heart,

I Care not a pudding where thou art, so thou beest safe.
Yesterday *I* heard something true and something
false concerning thy business from *Stephen*, and wrote
thee a Letter by him, which *I* know not when thou wilt
have. I was glad not onely to see this bearer for his owne
sake and thine, but to see he could pass the pikes without
our friend T. — *I* hope he may doe so another time :
and if you were all scattered into forty families, my minde
gives me, that *I* should have a morsel for every one of you.
If *I* could send thee above an Angel, *I* would not at once, be-
cause *I* would make thee (as if *I* needed) send to me the
sooner again, as if *I* were, My sweet Love,

Thy own,

H.M.

LETTER 36.

Soul,

I Thank thee for thy Christen token : if this bee the worst, *I* never received so much kindness from so ugly a disease, as to spare my own Deare quite and clean, and to punish my bantlings so favourably. Because *I* do not love to see thee, *I* must now put thee off two dayes longer, and that is till friday, *I* hope for the better, in respect of thy strength too: in regard of the company *I* had here to day it was good luck thou didst not come. Mr. T--- and *I* have so contrived it, that thou and *I* may then be the whole day together, and Rhenish wine shall not be wanting to tippie thy nose in, nor a savoury bit for thy chaps; and somewhat *I* shall have to send thee too on Thursday morning, and something to say: therefore *I* will not spend all my talk in this piece of paper, notwithstanding the convenience of your conveyance by such hands as would prove, if there were no other evidence that my Dear is mine, and that *I* am

My Dears

H. Marten.

LETTER 37.

My sweet soul,

Yea but *I* will see my own Dear to morrow, and all my little bantlings: for the Gentleman Porter has pick-ed out that time to grant me thy company when Sir *J*--- is sure to dine abroad, for he must not know it. *I* do not know whether thou dar'st venture thy baby upon the water or no; but the tide serves finely betwixt 11 and 12. If thou comest
by

by Coach (which I think is the safest way) thou must set out an hour sooner, or else I shall eat up all the witch before thou comest; for all that, I would have thy hee-cameras try their fortunes too. I will spend no more ink upon thee now, but bottle up all thy business for thy ugly ears. Therefore good morrow Monkey-face.

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 38.

My dearest Dear,

Thou dost not know how I have longed all night for this morning, that I might send these to thee, inviting thee to dine with me to day; the way is made, and the time to be about one of the clock, the manner as private as it was last time, onely the little brat were best to be left behind, unlesse thou darrest not trust it with its teeth out of thy company, then I hope it may do well enough to bring her, so thou hast some body to help thee carry her. I have here sent thee just enough to pay thy waterman: whether thou wilt leave this girle behinde thee or no, I leave to thy self, but I should think it good. Here was my Cousin J.Y-- yesterday most part of the day, with leave; and he believes onely banishment is intended at last: but thou and I will not talk of those matters, nor think neither (Shall we Love? ah that thou couldst help it!) till my Heart come to

Hers,

H. Marten.

LETTER 39.

My own Heart,

TELL me how thou and thy luggage are like to fadge at thy new quarters. This bearer has told me where it is, especially how my poor shin-and-bone brat does, then what is done about thy goods, and withall in the suit against *Bate*, which (as I remember) was to have been tried last Friday.

If our *Dick* be not gone with my Letter to *T*— I think thou wert best send *Tom* to me, and I will send him with one: one baffle is enough for the other at one place.

I long to have thee with me for good and all, and sometimes I fancy it not altogether impossible. I am sure it goes a little against my stomach to dispose of thee so far off at this time of the year: but if I must check that longing, there is another that I will not check, but bring about by hook or crook, that is, to have two or three hours talk with thee. My old friend *W.* is now come to town, and his Lady (though not well) and the Gentleman in *S. Martins* lane gave me a kinde of a visite yesterday; but staid so little, as we could have no discourse almost. My Lord *L.*— is not come up, nor Mr. *L.*

Here are a few pennies for thee: more will come one day. I finde (besides the deareness of these lodgings, in respect of the last, which I cannot finde in my heart to think much of) that winter is a more chargeable season then summer, especially when two chimneys are to be warmed instead of one, and parlours call for candles as well as chambers. Now I talke like a miserable cribbe, because I would put thee in hopes that I may be a rich man yet before I die; and then I warrant thou wilt love,

My Heart,

Thy owne,

H. Marten,

LETTER 40.

Huffie,

THy last letter got two six pences in it, and so thou thought'st to finde in this too, did'st not? but thou art mump'd; for I am resolv'd I will not send thee one farthing to day. Both my sisters brought their dinner with them, and dined with me yesterday, and the elder of 'um this morning sent half a dozen bottles of small beer, and some scraps of good cheer, whereof thou shalt taste, because it is in mammoeks; so I gave the messenger just as much as I send thee. But monday will come, you Chits-face you, therefore I won't be jeer'd for a beggarly rogue, especially so long as I have leave to walk once a day into the Gentleman Porters lodgings, and on the top of his leads. I am able to give thee a bottle of rare Sack too, so thou canst keep it cool, either in gravell, or in water, with salt-peter in it; any other water will make it hotter; and to give thee a piece of roasting Beef, and a shoulder of Mutton; Veale I would have had, but the butcher dares not kill any for feare of the weather. If thou canst give the bearer 1 or 2 of thy butter-dishes, I will send thee some of that commodity on Tuesday, though it be a very ticklish one. Commend my service to him that is past the pox, and to him that's afraid of 'um: for other things I am glad he has more hopes then feares, and so I am that thou art so quiet from abroad; for I doubt not but thou hast work enough at home; ever since thou told'st me how well thou lik'st my Strawberries, my chaps have watered for more; but I will not tell thee what I meant to do with them, because I am none of

Thy Dear

not I

nor H. Marten.

F 2

LETTER 41.

ANd thou shalt have a Letter (*my own sweet Love*) though I robbed a Copie of Verses of halfe a sheet to write it in: for my Nuncle, I thank him, has gutted up all my brown paper and white too. The reason why I did not write the last time I sent, was the haste my messenger was in, being with me by stealth, viz. the butchers man, for the honest porter is not suffered to come in: for truly I do not grudge thee my pains half so much as I do thy owne in scribbling, and yet I cannot finde in my heart to forbid thee, because I need not tell thee how handsome a piece of paper looks that comes from a body's Dear. But now you talk of handsomnesse, let Peggie have a care, for if she get any pisse upon her lips, I shall not endure to kiss her, unlesse her sister Sarah speak for her. I hope my little brats mouth is well, I liked her eating raw meat better then that of her mothers chewing hitherto: my Keepers mind holds for giving thee a visit to morrow about one of the clock; but thou shalt know the certainty in the morning, and receive something to receive him withall: and when you be together, I shall wish you both whipped if you do not contrive thy coming to me the next day after to eat a little fish. On Monday last my Lord M. and my daughter, and Jinny, brought 3 or 4 dishes of victuals and dined with me, but he got away all my wine that I had provided for thee, because he liked it: I know where that grew though, and in the mean time thou must be content with a bottle of such which my cousin Ned C— (who visited me the same day too) brought me for a special drink. So for this time I bid thee good morrow, and rest, my sweet Soul, thy own every day that goes over my head, every night too, whether I talk to thee or no, whether I dream of thee or no.

H.M.

LETTER 43.

My sweet Love,

THough I burnt thy Letter so soon as I had read it, according to thy order by the bearer, yet I have not forgotten the contents of it. Concerning the offer thou hast of a new Dear, there was a time I confesse, when I was such a Hog, as to think my throat cut by any body that would have a share in thee besides my self: I am reformed, but not the ordinary way, by not caring who enjoys that which I have done taking pleasure in, but by binding up all my pleasure in thine: and as it has been pretty common with me to think that good bit tasted best which went into thy mouth; so still or more do I relish thy happiness beyond my own; if it were not complementing, that is for fear of seeming to complement, I would tell thee, that I would not live: I am sure I would not beg to live, but because I finde thou wouldst have me live: therefore good Soul, if ever thou hast a design of satisfying me (which I believe thou art never without) study how to satisfy thy own mind, and there lie I as quiet as a Lamb. For all that, I cannot let thee goe without an item. My poor Heart, take heed of every body, especially of the fairest offers; thou hast been bitten, and bitten, and bitten by such as were no meer strangers to thee; by that time thou art a little older thou wilt take every word thou hearest for an errand lie, the world is grown so false. What B--- saies I have not leisure to tell thee now. My brats will dine with me, and Harry C--- brings them. I would fain have them neer me, and thee too, if possible. I rest,

My Dearest

Thy everlasting self,

H. M.

LETTER 43.

My Life,

I Scorn to thank thee for thy good news, but I will give thee as good as thou bringest. I had last night at nine of the clock a friend with me, who came from another friend with this message, or rather with this answer to a former. The businesse you wot of should not stick for want of money. Now get you gone and be whipt a while, I know no body cares a pudding for you, nor for *Job*, nor for *Dick*, nor for Brats, and yet these three old scraps are found this morning by a Monkey-faces

Owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 44.

My sweet Love,

MY little baby does not lie upon my lap, but she lies almost as heaue as if she did, till I hear how she is. Keep up thy heart a little longer though, it has a great many good dayes to see yet, the bad ones in reason being even all out. For a beginning, Popper thou knowest is quite well, and Peggy has but got a disease to play withall, just like the weather, or the fortune of States and Kingdomes, faire and foul by turnes. For all this thou and I must see one another; onely let me know from thee, when thy nursery will give thee leave, and I will procure it here above boord, or by stealth. Do not trouble thy self to write, this bearer will deliver all thy minde to me honestly and carefully. And so good morrow to my dear Love,

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

Thou maist see (Heart) by my token that I have credit, though it be but sucking credit.

LETTER 45.

Dear Heart,

I Sent thee the other day by *Tom P--* a piece of cheese, with three Oranges, and a couple of shillings; but I made more hast in sending the messenger then I understand he and his two Camerades made in going: yet if it did not vex thee (who hast no need of being vext) I should finde no fault; for I am perswaded they would not have staid so long with any body else as they did with my Keeper, and that upon my account, and to the end some of them at least might have access to me from thee, & tell me still how thou do'st: for all that do not believe I could stay now till some body comes: this bearer must bring me word: withall he carries a few Grapes, such as our wilderness yields, and 3 or 4 bottles of my own Ale. Cheer up thy self, my Love, as if thou hadst received a bushel of money from one that has not a peck in all the world, and yet for thy sake thinks very well of living, because he is

His owne Soules

H. Martin.

LETTER 46.

MY Dearest, that is, not dearer then other Deares, (for so thou wert forty years ago) but dearer then thou wert this morning, when I thought I could have sent to thee, and found I could not; therefore thou art beholding to my Masters for all that Dearness that thou mightst have spared. Let me know how thy best friend does to day: don't think I put him above my selfe now, as some do that know neither thee nor me. For I count not my self thy friend, no more

more then thou art mine, yet I could neuer tell whether I were thou, or thou wert I, one of 'um I am sure 'tis, if not both, so as I need not give thee an account why thou hadst not what thou writt'st for on Saturday, nor perswade thee not to be troubled at this new restraint. I have out-lived a hundred of 'um already, and am heart-whole still, if thou bee'st well. This bearer will deliver thee two two-penny loaves new, about half a pound of butter, two small bunches of Sparraguss, and half a dozen round shillings of old *Besser*: if conveyance had been free to day, I should have mended every letter, and done something toward a better business; but 'tis pretty well that my Love has yet

Her own

H. Marten.

LETTER 47.

Dear,

IF I could have gotten a messenger yesterday, I would not have slept twice before I had known how my nursery does: if she go on in mending (as I hope) or stand at a stay, prethee mind no wormes nor any disease at all in her but weaknesse, and therefore give her all that thou art able either to nourish or to please her. Fain would I have her again, if it be possible, to dine with me, and stay till Monday, thee and Peggy and all: betwixt one and two of the clock cast to be at the Tower, and I will endeavour to get leave: and if I cannot obtain it, I will send thee word time enough; not sending to thee again is a sign thou maist come. I send thee here enclosed a Letter I received yesterday, from one who it seems has not received my last. Thy work I could not put out till this morning, but am promised it shal be done by Tuesday: in case thou canst come to day,

day, or so soon as to dine with me, let me know it, and with-
all as much of all our other concerns as thou canst put into
paper.

Here is 20 s. for thy Coaches earnest, if that businesse
takes, and 5 s. for the Hack that brings thee hither to

My Soul,

Thy Body,

H. Marten.

Thou seest I would not couzen thee of what is con-
tained in the brown paper.

LETTER 48.

My sweet Love,

Since God is contented to let thee keep thy poor brat a
while longer, to raise her some friends still upon my ac-
count or thy own, and to give thee some successe in thy bu-
siness, thou maist hope he has in store a little blessing for
thee more then could have beene expected, after all the
forms which thou and I have seen and felt, and see and feel.
This bearer promises me fair that I shall have 8 of my bot-
tles again; thereupon I will trust thee with one more; it is
but Maligo Sack, reasonable good though. I have sent Peg
and Poppet some sale-ware, yet far from bad, if I have any
skill: if it be liked, the next token shall be bigger. Thy
own should have been less; but thou must even be glad of
pie-crust instead of bread: and if thou canst pawn it for
bread, I would fain hope thou maist one day redeem it. I
did not borrow, but beg it; and so I will again, and again,
rather then my Heart shall fail of what may be done by

Per

H. M.

I have not told *Tom* what it is.

G

LETTER 49.

My sweet soul,

NOW I begin to like thy room better then thy company, because I grudge thee a share in the weather we have got: yet I have my health still, and my old friend that waits constantly at the back-door. I wish thee such another now and then, but too much of it would weaken thee. This night I hope to meet a letter of thine at *Leinster*, sent down by last Saturdays Post, and directed by *F. H.* if thou didst omit that time, mend it by the next, and make much of my Dear, or do not pretend to

Thy

H.M.

LETTER 50.

Mine own Heart,

I Hope thou bee'st well (notwithstanding one roguerie still treading on the heeles of another) but thine owne heart cannot be very well till he knowes it; though it be but by message, a letter were better, and coming (if possible, and safe) best of all. But do not venture, before thou lettest me understand first by the honest Doctor what condition thou art in, that I may advise thee accordingly.

Good morrow sweet Soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LET-

LETTER 51.

My poor sweet Dear,

IT was well done of thee to send this bearer to me, since T. P. could not get in, and to bid her tell me that nothing troubles thee: & because thou wouldst have me believe it; J will: but prethee tell thy other self so sometimes, and with often telling thou may'st perhaps believe it too. The Gent. Porter continues very civil to me (as *Clem* can inform thee in one particular) and is now Lievtenant of the Tower, Sir J.R. being gone into the Countrey: therefore J hope to get leave of him for thee and my brats to dine with me on Wednesday: if it cannot be J will send thee word betimes that morning. If thou hearest nothing to the contrary thou may'st venture to come.

Mrs. D--- was with me, and tells me that Mrs. W--- lies extream weak still; but her husband has a great deale of kindnesse for me. J am pretty apt to fancy the same; but J was born to be killed by rediousnesse: yet if thou can't keep up thy hopes a little longer, J will see what is to be done by

My Soules own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 52.

My Heart,

THis bearer must needs be welcome, for he saves me 18 d. in my purse that the Porter would have had. My childs slow mending is better then if it should gallop, that is, more likely to hold. The lesse thou tamperest in any Physick then stones with either of 'um, the better J like it. And sure the journey into the countrey will on, being so much according to the heart of Father and Mo-

G 2

ther,

ther, and children : the little Item in thy Letter will get down the powder J hope, otherwise I know who wears the breeches at our house : Yesterday though was a fine day, and we went into the Gentleman Porters lodgings, and tickled his Gooseberry-bushes.

The businesse of washing and clearing goodwife G. and coach and horses are alarmes to the same tune ; all my busines is to provide relief where J can, and when; J have severall strings to my bow; one of 'um will take if luck serve. J have not yet seen Mr. S-- nor heard from him. J shall adventure though to tell Dick P-- that thou wilt be with him by that time the next moneth is a week old.

Thou maist perceive by my token that J heard from Longworth, where all are well but the old one. We shall know more next return of the carrier. Mean while, and ever, blessing upon my sweet Dear, and her Lambs.

Thy owne

H. Marten.

LETTER 53.

My deare,

THe man thou left'st with me is very slow in the matter thou wott'st on, neither dare J mention any thing of kindness J expect, till J have gotten in all my own money out of his hand, whereof he tells me part had need to remain for fees against the Lievtenant calls again, who claims 30 l. due still, and the Gentleman Porter 2 l. and Cr-- never had any thing yet : but his cousin St-- shall furnish me with one of his ten pounds to pay off Mr. C-- and Mr. M-- which comes to above 8 l. at the lowest rate ; so J sent yesterday to his cousin, and had my weekly allowance with much adoe, whereof J owed 8 s. 6 d. and
for

for the 10 pounds he will bring it me himself one day of this week, but the certain time he cannot appoint.

Having told thee the worst of it, the next newes I send thee will be better I hope: mean while here are four handsome puddings for thee, how good they are is not known to me, being a token of last night from one of my fellow prisoners: and the fellow will bring thee a neck of Mutton from S--'s, with one pound of watch candles, and two pound of cotton. My service to the Gentleman was fiere on Sunday, and pray him to remember the Falcon he promised to send me. Buys all my Brats for me, and as thou hast convenience send me one or two of them in a basket. God be with my poor own sweet soul, and with

Her

H. Marten.

Huzzey,

LETTER 54.

Give me my 8 s. back again, for I promised you but 12 s. to pay your Quarters: don't you tell me 'tis all laid out upon my own brats, for I must have it, and therefore send thee 2 s. more, to make up the debt just 10 s. I have also sent my three chits each of them a bird that came from Holingbury, and a parcel of fruit that came a great deal further off, as this bearer can tell thee better then J. Here dines with me to day of her own invitation, and upon Malls viſuals, my sister E--, who intended very lately to send my daughter J. to have been provided for at Mrs. U-'s, but they have since bethought themselves that J need no such helps, or what other consideration works upon them, I know not, onely yesterday it was counter-maunded, and her aunt R. is resolved to take her down to Bray. My service to our Dick, and send Tom as often as thou canst unto Dear soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 55.

My sweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy yesterdays company, and so I should if I had it every day of the week, and should be glad too, that I could give thee as good cheer every day, to eat, and to drink, and to carry away. What thou didst at our *Malls*, thou wilt tell me in thine; J forget not what J promised thee to go in hand with; but think a little farther of a print which may be usefull, that is, if possible, to get the knowledge of what is intended at Court towards us, or some of us, and which; for without question, as White-hall pipes, Westminster will dance: to that end, if thou couldst get some friend to step over to morrow, and hear the Sermon preached before the King, something may be pick'd out of it, and if another friend at the same time visited the Abby, and took notice of the Doctrine delivered there. God does use to acquaint his Ambassadors with much of his mind. Because, if our severall intelligences shall inform us, that J am in the black book, then Mr. L. can't afford to give the D. of York such a consideration for his interest, as otherwise he may, nor to make such allowances to my children. Therefore, they must be advised to take other and meaner courses for their livelihood, without depending upon that state which will fail them. Besides, it is some comfort to know what a man must trust to. My heart, after J had wrote what thou hast read, Mr. T-- came to me, and told me, that halfe a dozen Parliament men dining yesterday in Fish-street, and understanding that the King had pardoned *Vane* and *Lambert*, vowed they would pardon all the rest: Since that, J have news from one of my fellow-prisoners, that Sir H. P. coming to the King to excuse himselfe for not bringing in the bill: yesterday according to order, was told by his Majesty himself, he should be at no further trouble about that busi-

business, for he intended to pardon them all: withall, that another Parliament man protested he would never give his vote to the executing any, so long as those two Rogues were pardoned. For all this, J will not be negligent in what thou and J agreed upon; only J have no mind to clothes nor such trumpery. J am

My Dear, Thy Affectionate Son,
H. Marten.

LETTER 56.

My Love,

THIS bearer is better at bringing me news from thee, then in bringing home bottles or baskets; neither cares he much whether his news be true or no, so it be good for the purpose; he told me the other day that my little Anatomy was fine and cheary, the swelling of her feet down, the dogs and cats turned into milk and Sack, and all this, and more, would be justified by Tom P--- who was to come to me the next day. Well, the next day came, but no Tom; so J believe the rest accordingly. J have made a shift now (because he should not go empty-handed, however he comes back againe) to send thee some *Longworth* Pig, and my two Baynces some Plummes instead of Sixpences: J have not heard a word from Dick P--- since Robin went, yet have written two or three times. Commend my service to the other Dick Pe; the best that ever (not onely thou, but) J (that have lived a great while longer) was acquainted with.

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 57.

My heart,

THy letter was very welcome to me, and that J need not tell thee; and how ill thou canst spare me and thy little brats, thou needst not tell me. Fain would J have thee away out of all these inconveniences a great while ago, if J had known how, and fain would yet, if J could, after the adjournment of this Parliament: till then J know thy mind will hanker after my condition, which is very hopefull according to the best intelligence J can get: it must needs be chargeable and dangerous, and every way unpleasant, to abide long where thou art, and to remove without a disguise, and to get a disguise without money is as hard: but whether getting of money be not the hardest thing in the world J leave to thee. What luck had J to find that 30 s. out of 40 s. and send victuals to Kennington, and live at home, and help ~~Jab~~ to 7 s. 6 d. and give this knave a Crowne, and make him the carrier of an Angel to thee? and yet J hope God will send more next week. J have advised to go this night when thy private goods are thought to be secured, and fetch them thence in bundles to my daughter M-'s house, in regard that untowardly girle B.S. knowes where they be, onely my daughter must let as few of her household know it as is possible, for ten to one there be slippery companions there too: but advise well of it, Mall J am confident of, for her own part. Till thou goest into the country, thou must nor trust to any one lodging too long, notwithstanding thy change of habit: and prethee let me hear from thee as often as thou canst with safety. J have no reason for it, but that J am, My sweet Soul,

Thy own Dear,

H. Marten.

LETTER 58.

My poor dear heart,

WHom J am fain not onely to leave, but to starve. J will not excuse either now, but do better then excuse my self to morrow morning: and mean-while send thee such things as thou wantest most, and rest,

My Soul, Thy own

H. Marten.

LETTER 59.

Heart and Soul,

I Will believe thee (because thou wouldst have me) that thou art very well, and according to thy conjuring me, will send for thee on Saturday to meet thy new Cousin, and Old Self,

H. Marten.

LETTER 60.

My Heart,

I Got two Letters at once from thee now, and shall send thee but one little scrap of answer; but that as full as it can hold of gladness that you be all well again. J was half and more afraid for thee. My three *Long-worth* daughters took the alarm of the bad newes, and came clattering to town the beginning of the week, and are now here with their brother. J have nothing to send my poore Love, but this quarter of Lamb: to morrow J look for wine. Mean time J reit in thy bosome, like

Thy fourth brat,

H. Marten.

H

LETTER 61.

My Dear,

I Must be begging of the good news: this bearer tells me of three sorts: First, that thou art very well; the next, that Bacon-hog begins to mend; and lastly, that thou art now in a fair way about thy White-hall businesse. I sent to my two great brats to day what I could: 'but weeks ends are not so good as their beginnings; and the beginning of the next week I hope to see my Love here, that is, either monday or tuesday, which will best stand with thy conveniency, onely I would fain keep my word with D. P. whom I promised by tuesdayes Post what time he should expect at least some of our company.

I rest, my sweet Soul,

Thy own for ever,

H.M.

My service to our good Friend.

LETTER 62.

My sweet Love,

I Cannot think every day too often to send to thee, and hear from thee (at least of thee.) All the token I have for thee is an Orange or two, a piece of bread (halfe what it was last) and a piece of butter (half a pound) and just such a weight of Saffages. Tomorrow I shall send again, and if I do not so on friday too, it will not be because I did it 3 dayes together before: yet don't thou toil thy self to death with tending my brats, and scribbling to their father too; and of the two I can best abate thee the last office. I thank thee for my stew-pan, though his cap could not be found.

I rest, My Heart,

Thy own still, and still, and still,

H.M.

LETTER 63.

Oh my own Dear !

If thou wert not a very hog, thou wouldst give me some of thy drudgery or some of thy Ague, that *I* know thou canst spare. *I* shall have a time to trust thee with my neck upon the leads before *I* am a week older, *I* hope. Prethee let me know whether *I* did couzen thee in my last packet, telling thee *I* sent a bottle of Sack. If *I* did not couzen thee, the old womam has done the same by me, for *I* miss it: however *I* intended to send thee this, and a bottle of Rhe-nish, and half a dozen Hartichokes, and a pound of butter, and a scrap of Sugar, and four Oranges; and if *I* had not been out of hope of this opportunity, *I* had not spoiled my Strawberries in a dish a quarter of an hour before the but-chers man came, and then thou hadst had them. *I* doe not like *P--*'s Ale so well as *I* did; but the next time *I* send in-to town *I* will have some for thee; perhaps it mends again. Methinks if thou must needs be ill, *I* am glad an Ague has excused the small Pox, because *I* am not with thee to tend thee; not for thy beauty's sake, for *Clem* has enough of that for thee and her self too, and for, My Heart,

Thy

H. M

LETTER 64.

Love,

THou maist see *I* have got more paper now, but the same hand still, and that serves thy turn it seems. My Keeper holds his resolution yer, as *I* told thee yesterday, to goe hence about noon, and bestow four or five hours upon you, going, coming, and staying there. *I* am content you should

H 2

make

Coll: Henry Martens

make much of him, but not too much; prethee tell our good friend so, and that for 40 reasons. I have sent thee the bottle of Sack now, which I made thee believe I sent thee yesterday, but forgot, and so help'd poor John to a chiding I doubt, as if he had disposed of it by the way. Here be 8 pennies for thee too, I think the roguy *Besses* come on purpose to go to thee, ever since I condemned them the same way that *Neds*, and *Philip*, and *Maries* were wont to go. Thou toldst me that thy two bigger brats received my tokens, but that was, I suppose, my lesser tokens, the 2 d. and the penny, but I sent *Peggy* two sixpences, and *Sarah* one by little *Betty*. I would have thee find out, if thou canst handsomely, and without taking them away, whether the children had them or no; for I am deceived if that girle does not love money dearly to spend, and am afraid, if thou stayest long out of the Countrey, will require more of thy care to look after her then thou canst well afford from thy own: and since thou hast taken her under thy wing, I would be loath she should miscarry there.

Dear, I am very poor in bottles now, return me as many as thou hast to spare, and if one or two of 'um be full of small drink I shall not be much offended. A leg of mutton and a piece of sugar, and I have ordered a dish of pease, for which here is a parcel of butter, and two loaves of bread. And so God be with my sweet Soul, and her sweet Soul-kins.

Thy true

H. Marten.

It is not good to talk to him now of the old businesse, till thou and I have laid our heads together once more at least.

LET.

LETTER 65.

NOt starved yet ? nor drowned neither ? then I see I must be at the charge of half a chaldron of coles to try if I can burn thee to death : this fellow promises to have a care about them, and to get a quarter of a hundred of faggots thrown into the cart. He brings thee now half of my own butter, and a sixpenny loaf from the market. To morrow the heglers come to town, and then I will buy thee some other countrey-commodities : but sure we were better continue in employment a knave whom we know, and who knows how to have entercourse and access, then to be to seek of a stranger that will be to seek of convenience how to doe businesse between us ; and yet I believe all thou tellest me concerning him, and can tell thee somewhat more of my own knowledge. Both thou and I must have a little more care of our loose things. And now in good sober sadnesse good morrow to my own sweet Love and Heart, and Deare, and Soul,

Thy old

H. Marten.

LETTER 66.

*My sweet Love, that hast thy belly full
of sower Sauce,*

I did not think any thing I could say to thee would have been worth sending thee word of, yet resolved to send, that I might receive good news from thee. But our Poppet mist her ague last night, and I will tell thee my Physick ; the milk which was fetch'd for thee and thy little one must make
her

her a posset; when *I* had made it, nothing would downe with her but the curd, and that well sugar'd, she eat up every bit, and went to bed upon it. Methinks *I* should get money enough for my receipt.

Now, how does my poor Lamb do? and how does the mother of it, who has that to tend, and the 150 divorce from her Dear to digest. *I* have sent thee only thy Rabbits, wch were loath to be kepttill to morrow: other matters may be sent thee then, except thy Harts-horn, and that need not be sent raw, so long as *I* have fine water and thy directions. Good morrow to my Soul this good day, which was designed for a better day, if luck had served, either the heart thou carriedst with thee, or the heart thou left't behind thee.

H. Marten.

LETTER 67.

Manners come up,

Must *I* guttle your belly for you with fresh Salmon, Gurnets, and Rhenish wine, and sugar, and *J* can't tell what, for you to run away and never take your leave of a body? the paper sent after you too like a flatterer: but *J* hope *I* shall not be troubled with you again in hast: therefore pray stay till you be sent for: Nay it is e'n trim-tram too, like Mistress, like man: Stephen promised me to come so early this morning with his butter-dishes, and now is come betwixt nine and ten, but put me out of my fooling humour with the news of last night. My poor sweet Dear, what *I* have been afraid of a great while, and thou hast just scaped so narrowly, is more likely then ever to fall upon thee, because the whole tribe of Bayliffs and Catch-poles will be exasperated against thee, and have thee by hook or by crook; and it is a huge disadvantage to have the Law of the land for an enemy. L-- gave me a great many good words, but
not

not a rag of money, which is not to be looked for till matters are settled; onely for my comfort, he tells me that they are in a good forwardness, and by the end of the next week he will be in town again. I rest,

My sweet Love,
Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 68.

My dear Soul,

I perceive thou wentst too late yesterday morning to Mrs. D--'s, for she was with me in the afternoon, and told me she saw thee not, yet staid at home till ten of the clock. I had not my full swing of discourse with her, because first a Gentleman, and afterwards my two sisters came in upon us; but this she told me, that in regard it was so long ere she heard again from you, she disposed of 60 l. which she had laid by on purpose, and has not now above 40 l. left, if that; besides, she believes the goods are rated high enough (according to her skill without seeing) especially the Diaper and the Damask. Worse then all that, J. W. is newly gone into Berks, and will not be returned till the end of next week. Mr. L--- came not yesterday. When I heare from thee what space is allowed by the articles for thy refusal, I will have another bout with the good woman; and as she saith, if they be richly worth the money, it is encouragement to borrow; if the pennyworths be hard, thy share will be the better in money. Good morrow to my sweet Love, and my poor brats.

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

LETTER 69.

My sweet Soul,

I am very yellow that thou art my naughty Dear, that is, too good a Dear to me, & wilt not tell me how thou dost: Remember how thou didst make a rogue of me in my three brats sicknesse, that were not to be known to their poor father till they were almost quite well. But Love, if thou beest in any prison, or bayliffs house, or such ugly place, doe not hide it from me, as thou wouldst (and as J would have thee) from *Peggie* and *Sarah*. J can bear it, and perhaps advise thee to bear it, and perhaps what to do in it before the Judges of the Kings Bench be gone out of town, and before thou hast gotten that (with being stifled up this hot weather) which thou wilt not claw off again in hast. *Stephen* tells me thy brother *Job* visits thee, and why J might not have been as well of thy counsel as he (if it were not as J suspect) J doe not understand, especially when *Diak* was here, and needed no letter to trust with it. Besides, if there be no remedy but thou must be kept from thy little ones, J will try all the strength I have to get one or two of them hither to me, and the third nearer to thee, that house-keeping may be struck off at Kennington, and the bantlings finde more comfort then now they can at such distance from both their parents. Cleare this one scruple, good Heart, in

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 70.

My Heart and more,

For all last nights messenger frightened thee with his hast, disappointed thee of thy tokens, and brought thee a pa-
per

per-full of ill-favour'd newes, yet I believe thou wouldst not have been without it, and thou maist believe I would not have been without thine : I confesse there was more reason for that, because, besides that it was thine, the good newes in't did quite drown the bad. Let God Almighty doe his part in giving health to my Dame P-- and her little biddies, and I care not a figg for all the Kites and Jack-daws in breeches or long coats. I think thou sayest Henryetta is full of teeth, which I like well, for breeding of those commodities is one of the narrowest bridges brats-faces have to pass. My mind gives me (Love) that thou shouldst take thy mind off no.v from buying of a Coach, in regard of the great summe it must cost at first, the difficulty of getting horses to draw it, the feeding and casualty of those horses by the way, the small time of using it in the country, betwixt this and Winter, and the noise it will make there to be said to keep thy Coach. I am of opinion thou wert better give 12 or 15 l. for the hire of a Coach with 4 or 6 horses, wherein thou maist put both thy be-camerades, and have the conversation of 'em all the day long, without hiring a saddle-horse, or keeping this bearer in to vn against his Masters will and his own : it is just the cheapest time in all the yeare, and thou art like to have as good wayes and weather as can be wished, if thou canst shew the City thy back-side by this day seven-night. I shall have an account from W--- by to morrow night ; I presume I shall obtain leave for a sight of thee once at least before thou goest ; for I got it for Robin yesterday, but that he was gone abroad early, and my cousin James Y--- and Mr. S--- dined with me on Saturday : 'tis honestly done of Mr. S--- to forbear so long ; but he considers how thou and I are played withall, as every body shall be that is down. Thus farre on Sunday, and though I be fresh againe this Monday morning, yet thou sufficiently tired with reading, and therefore take thy eyes off from the scribble, and look upon my matters, that have been so long a coming :

I

there

there is a piece of Cake, and some Bergamor pears from Hollingbury, a piece of Sturgeon, and a bottle of liquor from James Y--, a piece of Venison, and a Cheefe from my sister E--'s, and after cheefe nothing (thou know'lt) or that which is next to nothing, two poor pieces of silver, that have left thereabouts behind them. God be with my own Soul, and all hers, and amongst them

Her

H. Marten,

LETTER 71.

My Dear,

THe bearer is in great haste, I must be short. There is a pint bottle of new Canary a Hollingbury Hen, half a score Puddings, and four halfe-crownes in a paper, the fourth part of my weekly allowance. If thou couldst send Peg to me she should carry thee all I can spare more, if not more. I am glad thou hast some comfort in thy long business: I would not discourage thee, but take heed of shooting away too many arrowes after what I doubt is gone already: thy matter is not for Council to be advised in: if thou goest to law once, good night, especially when thou do'st not know where to get the first fee: going abroad into the aire does thee good, therefore I like that: the rest may do well too for all the opinion of an old fool, and yet he is,

My sweet Love,

Thy own,

Henry Marten,

LETTER 72.

My sweet Love,

THy letter of the seventh (that is the onely Letter of thine I have seen since I saw thee) could not hinder it self from being welcome, notwithstanding the ne-ves (I was about to call it, but it is too common for that name) of thy extream wants: they shall not be a whit the sooner supplied for thy mentioning them, because I had set all the wits I had to work before about the same businesse. That poor Job is likely to stand upon two leggs again I am very glad, and when thou makest a meal of the brats, whereof Moppet it seems must serve for the second course, prethee wish me a bit, that am,

My own Love,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 73.

My Heart,

ILong to know how my poor little brat does after her grapes, that if they did well with her I might present her with more: mean while I present her bumm with a couple of Napkins, and claim thy promise of sending her Sister Sarah to me. This bearer is to go from your quarters to Parsons Green with a message to the people there, if they be come home, and from thence to Mrs. D---- with a letter. I do not find the cause, nor (which is better) the continuance of that strictness that was here when thou wert with me: but if my Keeper could tell how to be more orderly then he is, it would do him and me a great pleasure. My service to our good friend, and thy brother, my love to Peggy, and so good morrow to

My Dear, Thy

H.M.

LETTER 74.

My Heart,

THou need'st not tell me it is a huge while since J sent to thee, J tell my self so; and yet I have something to say for it: First, the Porter brought me pretty good news last time he came from thee; secondly, he was otherwise employed; thirdly, my nursery had her sit upon her all day long; and lastly, J expected Mrs. D-- here, that J might be enabled to send thee a token for thy nurse, but J doubt she is not well: for when she was with me last, she complained of her having been ill: I would thy brat would give thee leave to visit her. Thy message concerning Mr. S-- his coming hither to day, makes me put on my gay clothes: if he do not come now J shall wish thee whipped, so J have the whipping of thee, and thy little brat whipped too, so thou hast the whipping of her. J have sent thee the work thou deliverd'st me that came betimes yesterd' morning according to promise; how well done, J know not; but if thou hast not all thy cloath, J shall be bold to send to her for the rest. Mrs. C-- is removed it seems to narrower lodgings, and our Jane gone to her aunt E--'s house; though the Mistress on't be not at home, having a key left with her of one of the chambers. Prætec let me set down in my Almanack the certain day when the Coach-master is to be paid for his Coach. My girl is fine and well now againe, but that she will eat nothing, and undoes me in play-things. J shall long to see thee again one of these dayes, but first to get a letter from thee, not so much for the papers sake, as because that will be a signe of some leisure. My letters have got a trick not to go quite empty-handed, and Peggy has a father, as well as my Love has a

Dear

of

Henry Marten.

LETTER 75.

My Dear,

IT is a filthy long while since we either saw or heard from one another, yet don't let's chide, for I think verily it is no wilfull fault in either of us. I begin to write this to night, because I won't be to seek to morrow morning, when the butchers man comes; besides, J have had a fine deal of leisure to day, my Keeper locking me up (as he was bid) about 8 in the morning, and now it is almost 8 afternoon; but J had my victuals about me, and my books, and my pen, and my pusses withall; I got a letter from George of S-- (whereof here is a copy) a little basket of Strawberries (whereof J have not coust'd thee of one) that cost me nothing; and it is well J was asked no money for them, my Gentleman being gone about that (with other businels) and till his return I would not wish thee to give me a farthing for my estate; yet J bought butter at market for thee while it was to be had; and hutchers meat J dare promise thee, the rest depends upon the Monsieurs safe arrival. Love, *Hall* was with me on Saturday, and told me he met P-- the Upholster, and understands from him now again that all is like to be dispatched betwixt thee, and him, and S-- which J will believe so soon as ever J see it; that he told my son so J believe already. Prethee let me know what use Job makes of his time; if he cannot get an imployment, methinks it were easie to agree with his adversaries, and get that ugly Judgement off, since they see he is protected against them. But dost thou think J will not know how all my 3 pocky rogues do? and tell me true too. If thy Roses be not all gone, and if thou hast any stills, or limbecks, or such things, J would fain have thee still a little Rose-water, the cakes will serve to put among thy linnen; when God sends it. And now in all hast good morrow to my sweet Soul. J am, sure J am,

Thy own,

H.M.

LETTER 76.

My poor Soul,

IF I did but see how thou look'st thy self when thou givest me a potion, and forbiddest making of faces, I doubt thou wouldst prove a man noe where but in thy tongue, and yet I knew my Heart will be a man now she findes she must be so. Captain B-- and Lord P-- are all one; and if Mr. S-- and Mrs. D-- be so too, who can help it? I got an empty Letter yesterday from my daughter M. and with very much ado my next weeks allowance from S--, almost half spent before it came. when W-- is tried, and fails, we will even sit down and rest. I am not jealous of thy extraordinary kindness to our Lievtenant, but am content to be as kind as thou art, if I had wherewithall. Honest Robin has reason to grumble at his staying in towne, with so little hopes of having what he came for, and being kept from me too; for I cannot yet come at him. Thy Letter came to me last night by Jinny, upon whom he stumbled in the street. These commodities (except the pennies) are my sister E--'s tokens to me. And so good morrow to

My sweet Love,

Thy own

in spite of all weathers,

H.M.

My service to our friend as rich as our selves, and my love to the three that know how to help us, as much as we do them, for a while I mean

LETTER 77.

YES indeed (Love) it is long enough in conscience since I sent to thee last; for all I was told the same day both by Tom & by my own messenger how fine and well my little brat came on: but such worms are set up with a rush, and thrown down again with a straw: besides, I liked not one part of the vapour, that she had gotten a fresh colour in her cheeks. Well, as thou say'st, when we have done our utmost then let God do his pleasure. They tell me, thou art about to take a maid, and I must needs say, thou hast need enough. Withall, though thou hast nothing left now to be robbed of, prae thee take a care what cattel thou harbour'st under thy roof, to sleep with thee and thy three arm-loads of treasure, onely it cannot be long (thou knowest) she can stay with thee: for if any luck ever serve, thou must go down without her, and take fresh in the countrey. Yesterday morning my L.L. was here, thinking (it seems) to finde L. with me, or that he had been with me. Some bargaine or other they have jumbled up betwixt them, which I am sure I shall like better then they believe I will, because I shall then know what to trust to, and not be drilled on much longer. Thy Court-news I do not value of a half penny, nor would have thee mind it, there is no sense in it. But I am very well contented that thou hast made an end with S-- and all those Matters, and so hast thou great reason to be, and to thank Providence that thou hast made a shift to live upon them all this while. Since I wrote thus far, the bearer hereof tells me he saw thee yesterday, and would not let me know it before he slept, like a blockhead as he was. I have given him his mornings draught though, in hopes of amendment, and I have sent thee a piece of Longworth Cheese, and a parcel of nuts from the same place: telling, My ovvn sweet Dear,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 78.

My Deare,

IF J did not write to thee yesterday, it was not because J did not think of thee, and if J write now, it is not because J would not see thee here to day: for the truth is, in case thou canst conveniently come, J would faine have thee dine with me, and bring my sick baby at least with thee; for so short a time we may obtaine leave: yet lest thou should not be able to wag, J have sent thee the inclosed which J received yesterday, and whereby thou maist perceive the man is in earnest, so as J can doe my part. J have withall sent thee thy Ear-rings, for fear J should make them march a wrong way, as J have heretofore made many a good thing, and even since I came hither, Mr. G--'s spoon shall bear me witnesse: he is fetch'd home again though. Here is, besides a small token of my owne (that is) poverty for thee, and another proportionable for Peggy, from her Father, and

My Heart,

Thy

H. Marten,

Love, I must not have thee till Monday or Tuesday, the Gentleman Porter tells me, because Sir J. is a little fusty to day; he thinks not fit to be spoken to. Therefore send me word which of the two dayes thou likest best.

LETTER 79.

My Heart,

I was hard with me for paper, and harder for matters, but both will mend, and so do both my brars, I hope; whereof to be little more sure, is the chiefeft errand of this bearer. I am glad thou art fallen into the hands of so good people; we will shew our selves thankful when we can: but Sarah and J could hardly forbear laughing at thee, for understanding me in earnest, when J told thee how pitiouly she cryed to be left with her Father: some things she wants though in earnest, especially a clean frock, and head-clothes, and her comb. If Mr. L-- has play'd me one of his old tricks, who can help it yet? shortly J believe J shall by my shee-friend in a corner, who J doubt is not in towne till to morrow; and the next day (viz. Wednesday) J shall be glad to see thee here, if thou bee'st then to be spared. Mr. S-- shall be very welcome to me upon any account; and as for the horses, if he will take my word for the present, he shall have better security ere long; and for the worth of 'um, J have reason to take thy word, for whose use J buy them: onely be sure (if possible) they be sound, and (which is easie to know) young. So with my service to your two young men, and my busses to the two maids, J rest,

My own Dear,

Thy still, still

H. Marten.

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LET-

LETTER 80.

My sweet Dear, brave gallant Soul,

NOW stand thy ground ; I was told on Tuesday night, that the House of Commons had given us all up on monday, and had appointed a Committee to bring in a bill for that purpose, which cannot require much time, and if I wish any thing in the world, it is, that thou hadst been with me, when the tidings came, and ever since, to see if thou couldst finde any alteration in me, sleeping or waking. My paper is not quite ready for thee yet, but I am upon it every foot; and in the mean time, will give thee such cordials as ordinary people give to one another. Perhaps the bill will not pass when it comes in, perhaps the Lords will not passe it, when it comes there; perhaps the King has given way to his friends to set this on foot, on purpose to have the whole honour of pardoning to himself; perhaps some names may be excepted in one House, or in the other; and thy Deare may be one of them. He that has time, has life; a thousand things happen betwixt the cup and the lip: and it is some comfort that we can still send to each other. Visiting indeed growes pretty difficult; but after the opening of my door in the morning, I have the freedom of the whole house till we have dined. I was not so hasty to send thee this news yesterday; I believe I had not now neither, but that I was afraid thou wouldst hear it from another hand, that would make it worse. Pluck up thy strength, my good Heart, conquer this brunt, and thou art a man for ever. Look upon my little brats, and see if thy Deare be not among them; has not one of 'um his face, another his braines, another his mirth? and look thou most upon that, for it is just the best thing in this world, and a thing that could not be taken from me, when Lemster was, when all the remainder of my Estate

state and thine was; nor when my liberty and the assurance of my life was, nor when thy company was, which though I reckon last, goes for something with

My dearest Dear,

Thy own own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 81.

My Sweet Soul,

I Have made a shift to send thee the other odde spanker; but I could have wished 4000 for thy sake. It was well done to send me the bottles and baskets, thou art like to fare the better for it, when I have gotten some body that is able to carry things, but the poor wench must goe against the tide, or else I must keep her too long from thee and my brats, and that is against my conscience.

I was told yesterday that all we (except two of us, who are in more favour) must be banished; which if it be true, it is probable we shall have so ne time given us to provide our selves, and that is all the kindnesse I did ever expect, and more.

Major W. takes it unkindly that T. P. makes so many visits to him in my name, and in Sir J. R--'s name, and without my order, which indeed I could not owne; therefore I would have him from henceforth forbear it: if he be civil to me, he will be sure to be wary for himself, and not to come within compasse of danger. God be with

My dearest Heart,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 83.

INdeed(my Dear)*I* am scarce friends with my self yet for nor writing to thee on Saturday, for all the fellow was in such haste, and for all *I* made a shift to send my Love half a score pennies, and for all *I* love thy letters as well as thou canst love mine for the heart of thee; but how can *I* tell but thou maist think *I* would not write to thee, because thou didst not write to me? and then, does he forbid me to come to him, and won't write to me neither? nay here was a pudding too on Sunday for dinner, worth twenty of that thou hadst the Sunday before, and *I* had saved a corner for thee; and hither came out Mall, and Jinny, and aunt B-- yesterday, and guttled it almost all up: last night, though *I* was pretty well pleased again with receiving the enclosed: thou seest therein what will be most wanting in that country: but it shall go hard if *I* doe not contrive a way for thee to dine with me next Sunday, and thy bratt-faces too, at least thy self, that thou and *I* may chat about our businesses; we are not like to be troubled with any women-kind again, for my present Keeper is a single man, and the other hath small hopes of returning: instead of that poor C-- is in danger to march next, and all the old gang to be weeded out one after another. John L. is not yet in towne, neither does B. come at me. *I* had a letter from poor Job, who is with the girles at Longworth, and in fear that his sisters and brother-in-law will arrest him: *I* bade him secure himself as well as he could against Doctors of Physick, and their Patients, and *I* would warrant him thou shouldst do him no harm. Now *I* care for nothing but knowing how my three biddies doe, and the barren hen that clocks 'um all about her. Thou wert best give them none of their daddies good things, and then see if *I* be

My Heart, Thy own,

H. M.

LETTER 83.

My deare Love,

HOW our Ambassador has sped in Essex *I* know not, but am sure *I* cannot speed elsewhere, and that thy time of redemption is out this day. All the advice *I* have to give thee, is, that thou cast thy selfe upon Mr. S--'s kindnesse; let him joyn with thee in pretending to P-- as if thou hadst laid down money for all the goods, and then at his own leisure give thee what profit he thinks fit: in case he doe for the present want a summe, he will make more of every thing then thou shalt: and if he can forbear, thou may'st be able hereafter to give him as much as any body else, and yet have a good bargain in thy goods, besides thy own contentment. If it may be some ease to thee (as *I* suppose) prethee let me have Sarah againe, and let me see thee too as soon as *I* can, though *I* deserve no other name then

My Heart,

Thy well-wisher,

H. M.

LETTER 84.

My Heart,

I Thank thee for my tutties, and my window-stuff, and my book of double use, but most of all for the good newes of thy Agues marching from thee, which way soever he is gone; and yet, for that he has left behinde him, *I* am not thoroughly resolved, whether *I* should invire thee, or forbid thee till to morrow; but upon my blessing (huzzy) doe not offer

offer to come to day, unless thou find'st all as it should be with thee, and then let me know as soon as thou canst, that thou maist fare the better. When thou dost come, bring any brat that is fit to be brought, and Camerade too; for I have leave for thee; and yet I would have thee habited very plaine, as I observe they do all, (or as many as I can see or heare of) that relate to my fellow-prisoners. This morning I saw two daughters of Sir Henry Vanes (whom I take to be none of the poorest among us) whom I should have hardly suspected for Gentlewomen, if Mr. T-- had not told me who they were; and yet (I will say that for 'um) they have as much need of being set off by their cloathes, as some of his neighbours daughters have. But (I owe) now I think better of it, it is too late in all conscience for thee to come to day: besides that, I can have almost nothing that is good for thee; but send me word whether thou wilt come to morrow, or give thy body one day more of settling, and make it Tuesday. I hope the kindnesse they shew me now, will not be spent before it be used: besides, I have got some fine small beer, that is hardly yet ripe to be broached. Just now I received the enclosed, which I send thee to chew the cud upon, that thou may'st prepare thy self for a discourse against thou and I meet. For this time I bid thee good morrow, and company, and return to my old companion,

My Soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 85.

My dearest Love,

FOr all J have not sent to thee since Saturday, nor need-
ed have sent now, if it would have served my turne to
hear of thy health by Mr. S---, who was yesterday here to
look for his brother and enemy D. P--.

Mrs. D--- at last came to me, and tells me she will go to
Mr. S---'s on Thursday, if they will suffer her to see the
goods,; and she has now a chapman for the hangings, if she
like 'um, and will endeavour to procure as much money as
is necessary: but her stay with me was so very short, that J
could not have time to talk with her about the Coach-mo-
ney: yet J remembre this to be thy last day; so J tried S--,
and he or his wife intend to visit me anon, and J hope to pre-
vaile there.

Prethee let me know by this bearer what is done with
my Lord P--, that J may proceed accordingly: for if he be
not in town, J mean to dispatch a messenger into Essex, un-
lesse J understand at his lodgings that he is not there nei-
ther. It is onely time that pinches us, and the hast which
winter makes in coming upon us, and the intolerable charge
of living here: for J perceive both by my Lord L-- and Mr
L-- (whom J spake with severally since J saw thee, and
whom J am promised to see again before the week be out)
that we shall have something settled upon every one of us,
or else a piece of money in grosse (which is as good, or bet-
ter) if we can but rub out a little while to put cloathes up-
on our backs and vitch in our bellies; and God send health
to the little ones and continue it to the old ones.

This is your sealing day (as J remember) with P--- and
them; good Heart take care what thou sett'st thy hand and
seal to, besides what is already considered, for one little
half

half word makes a huge alteration in a Deed ; and let thy good friend have a care of his hand and seal, thou hast reason to make his concerns thy owne, who makes thine his own.

My old landlady has gotten me to weare out this week with her, so J go not to my new quarters till to morrow night.

Here are some remainders of Sarahs implements ; if neither she nor her sisters get any other tokens now, there is some reason for it. Yet J rest,

My sweet Soul,

Thy ever own

H. Marten.

LETTER 86.

My Love,

IF thou hadst been as good as thy word, thou wouldst either have come thy self, or sent a speaking token by this time, unlesse thou didst understand me wrong, as if J were first to let thee know the time. Now J think thou wert best stay (at least thy selfe) till Sunday: Mean while commend my very hearty respects to our Dick, whose pudding miscarried yesterday: J made it on purpose; but my daughter M-- and sister R-- coming in, made me and the old woman jumble things so together, that we quite spoiled it betwixt us; therefore if thou canst get him in with thee when thou comest next, J will have a good one for him, and then J shall see him in the bargain. Mr. L-- hath been with me, and talks handsomly, both from my Lord L-- concerning the hopes of my being banished, and from his own resolutions concerning my allowance, wherein thou may'st be sure

sure to have a pretty share, for I did not talk of thee singly : but I see never a penny of his money yet : he complains heartily of the backwardnesse of Rents in the countrey, and the falshood of tenants. Somewhat may be true, yet I thinke it fit to be very earnest with him next time he comes, that he may enable me to pack thee away. I hope thou dost not forget to put thy friend upon a diligent pursuit of those White-hall commodities, so far as his health will give him leave : every body tells me nothing is to be done there but with money, and that almost as much as hthe thing is worth you would have done; therefore I was jealous for S--, because I knew he had wherewithall, and to hook in his old debt would be likely to stretch; but it seemes he findes it too dear too.

My son S-- is sworn a Privy-chamber-man extraordinary, which is worth little to him more then the protecting him from arrests; therein he was shrewdly afraid of his deare friend B--. I have sent thee a Hen our Mall brought me yesterday for her dinner, but she brought other things too, and some I had of my own, that I made shift to save this for thee, and four Oranges to eat with it, and a bottle of Claret to drink, but thou must burn it thy self, for I will not keep the fellow so long from thee, onely here is sugar to doe it with, and one or two Oysters. Now good morrow to

My Heart,

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 87.

My sweet Love,

First, I am glad with all my heart (and that for 10000 reasons) that our good friend is in a fine way of health again: Next, I think I have made a rogue of thy pittifull pannier-plot, for I sent Robin out of town yesterday: I will have you go all together if possible, both for comforts sake and for cheapsnesse: besides, I will not let any of you go till I am sure to send the rest after, and that no flesh is without matters in fobb; so soon as ever they come (and I look hard now every day for so much at least as will set the wheelles a going) I will write to Dick P-- by the Post, and he shall either come himselfe or send up the same man with one horse or more; and the mean time will serve thee to pack up and send away such things as thou must have there, and to provide what is to go along with thee, I mean, as well as we can. And my Keeper has promised me afresh, that so soon as ever I am ripe for thee, I shall have one bout with thee here.

Mr. L-- was with me on Saturday, and according to his old wont complaines (and I believe much of it to be too true) that things are still at a great uncertainty, and that he is in danger of being turned out of all he has laid out his money upon, if he cannot make exact proof of every thing that passed, as well betwixt my old creditors (whose titles he has bought in) and me, as betwixt us two: By the way, he sayes thou hast a writing of some accounts under his hand that he gave me at Lambeth-house, & may do him mischief if it be known: I would have thee therefore give it him, that he may have no just exception to deny thee reasonable courtesies; but first have it copied and attested by persons thou canst trust, and keep that copy carefully by thee
against

against a wet day. J thank thee for my sweets and my herbs, and especially for the trick of sending to me ; J suppose the fellow makes a little money too at market of strewings, &c. If so, or however, send him to morrow morning with a letter, and intelligence how every body does : it is the cheapest messenger that passes between us, and is pretty well acquainted with the souldiers. If thou likest my beer, tell me so, and thou shalt not want it, for J have enough : but thou must send me the pottle-bottle that had Clarer in it. My service to the green Man, and my duty to the Ladies, and not a bit of love to thee, for thou hast got it all already, greedy-gut : 'tis no matter though, J have got somewhat instead on't, that serves the turn of

My Soules own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 38.

My heart,

I Did think by this time not onely to have had better news to thee, but to have told it thee my self ; instead of that thou must make use of such good counsel as thou hast lying by thee, and is cheaper it seems then good news. My son was not suffered to see me yesterday, nor Mr. L. this day he is promised he shall ; and this day J am promised my weeks m incenance (which was never put off before.) J believe there are people at Court that mean to set up a trade of granting leave to visit prisoners : my Lady Vane, Lamberts wife, and Heveninghams wife, having used them to it. If Betty S-- be still in danger of being found out by her mother, thou maist let this bearer have her away to my butchers, and thence the old woman is content to fetch her :

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but,

but, as J said at first, so still I leave it to thy own discretion. Not a word yet from my Lord P---, whether this restraint be the reason of it, or what else J know not; but he told Dick P-- his man he would send a Gentleman to me on Thursday last, or before. The enclosed is a performance of my engagement to Popper, her Portion in Poetry being to be paid next after her elder sisters. J have sent thee a piece of butter, such as is brought into the Tower, and as much bread as took up every penny J had, and two bottles of Canarie, new and old: the first is bound about the head, but J believe the other is best, yet neither bad: my beer is almost all gone: let me know how thou likest the Ale that went last to Kennington, it was P--'s, but methoughts not so good as it was wont to be.

This Keeper of mine is a very civil person to me when he is with me, and swears he will visit thee, and bring thee to me whatever it cost; but he is just the worst Keeper in the Tower for keeping his times, when he is from me, that he makes me so uncertain in sending to thee, whereas all other prisoners are unlocked before 7 in the morning; he makes me stay till 8, 9, 10, and past; it is almost 9 now, yet J am fast. My Love, J long to hear how honest Dick does digest his venturousnesse in going forth the other day. J must close up my letter, because I shall be faine to switch and spurre by and by, and the Porter we finde very honest in whatsoever is deliver'd him. So good morrow to

My own sweet Dear,

Thine yet, and yet, and yet,

H. Marten.

LETTER 89.

WELL (Love) it was a happy turn that thou wert not here yesterday, nor Peggie, nor Popper, nor Bacon-hog, nor Dick, for I should have killed half a dozen of you at least, if you had come within my reach, J was so starke staring mad from morning to night; and thou shalt judge whether J had not reason to be ten times worse then J was. First and foremost, did not Dick promise to send me (J marrie would he) from the Falcon that should be with me betimes next morning, that he should? and what serves thou for, but to have put him in mind of it, if he had forgot it? and what serves Peg for, but to put thee in minde of what thou forgettest? and what serves Popper for, but to cry, and the tother to scold and scratch her mother when shee has forgotten? J could have sent thee bread, butter and candles, and something else without money; then J sent my Keeper for that, and he did not bring it home till 4. or 5 of the clock in the afternoon; then J had but half a stick of fire to hold my nose over for an hour together, the rogueie faggot-man staid so long; then within a quarter of an hour after it had cost me 5 groats (2 d. more then ever man paid) for a dozen of faggots, in comes goodie M--'s man with a hundred, as if she had studied what to send, that thou mightst be sure to have never a bit of. 'Tis no matter now again; this morning I feel my self friends with all the world; J account she is well enough served by her mother-in-laws death, who left her husband but 20 l. to buy him mourning, and 100 l. to be paid him 6 moneths hence, and 1. to her to buy her a ring, onely the Executors have sent her 20 l. more to buy her mourning: and my malice is pretty well abated towards thee and thy Camerades, because I hope you are all starved by this time either with cold or hunger; and there-

therefore to shew I bore a little good will once, I have ordered ~~some~~ provision for thy executors, viz. a pound of cot-ten candles; and another of rush, two two-pennie loaves, two new rolls, a piece of butter to serve till to morrow, a leg of mutton: the next time they shall have something else. Mean while I am

My Dears Ghosts

Owne,

H. M.

LETTER 90.

Love,

I Took up my next weeks allowance (with some grum- bling too of him that paid it, and being told he was like enough to hear from me on Monday, notwithstanding this) on purpose for thee, whereof though I sent thee but 3 quarters, yet all that is left to live upon till monday come seven-night is, 16 d. and that this messenger will reduce when he returns to a single groat. But this is not all the news I have to tell thee, if it were, he should not have gone to thee though he would have given me a shilling to suffer him. George has returned me an answer of my Februarie's letter, dated the 20 of May last, wherein he does earnestly invire me again, and tells me, that what J will have him do to Mr. L-- he will do. The old woman at Longworth is recovered, whereof not onely her five children, but their Fa- ther is very glad: for if she should have died ere the K--'s title had been purchased, it would have raised the market 2000 l. My Neece Fr. M-- is sick of the small Pox. Mr L-- was with me last night, being but newly come to town, and tells me, my Lord makes him believe that they are agreed, and that his Lordship has a grant from his Majesty, yet fails meeting

meeting him according to promise, and makes him jealous he plaies a game by himselfe (I am sure J hear not a word from him.) But this day L. will make it his business to drive matters to a head, either with my Lord, or without him, and give me an account by to morrow morning. Staffordshire Dick sends me word his man cannot be with me till Wednesday next, whereof J am not sorry, for thou knowest thou canst not wag before monday seven-night, if then.

Now J expect newes from thee: First, how my two little brats do, of them I would not have the bigger again till J am settled in my new quarters, which will be (J hope) by to morrow night, though it prove the middle of this womans week: next, tell me what Mrs. D-- sayes, with whom J presume thou hast had some discourse concerning thy goods, both of White-hall and Chelsey. I cannot have a sight of thee, if thou gettest off thy householdstuffe from Roffry. L-- will be thy chapman for the heavie commodities there, as pewter, bras and iron. Is it not time to bid good morrow to

My Dear,

Thy own,

H. Marten.

[The End of Coll. Henry Martins Letters.]

1870

My dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the above matter. I am sorry to hear that you are not satisfied with the result of the investigation. I have, however, done all in my power to ascertain the facts, and I am confident that the result is correct. I am sure that you will find the facts to be as stated. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
J. B. Smith

J. B. Smith
Secretary

Very respectfully,
J. B. Smith



Mr Richard Pettingall his Heroical

EPISTLES

T O

The same vertuous Lady.

LETTER I.

Madam,

I Was, in spite of my desire, by extraordinary business disappointed of waiting on you yesterday, and having this day some signes of a growing distemper, I am bold to beg your Ladiships advice for prevention. I know not the cause, unless natures continuing kindness bringing the inconvenience of rising these *cold nights*. I now long to know how your Ladiship doth, which if denied me by this bearer, I will not onely fetch Physick, but an absolute Cure for

Your Own,
M

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 2.

Dearest Madam,

IT is I must beg your pardon for this free expression of my passions inditing: it being arrived now at that height, that I dare not give you bare thanks, knowing too well I should fall short, being really sensible how highly you have obliged me in not refusing a heart (alas) too mean a sacrifice for so sweet a Saint: yet believe (dear Madam) that your vertue hath the power to create in that heart some buds of a generous spirit, whose blossoms may prove whole actions, then may I laugh at, now onely pity those Doctors that prescribe abstinence as the onely remedy for a person in love. I being confident that vertue encreaseth under the weights of misfortune. Let me then kisse in your letter the onely name that is dear to me; for though my affection is at such a height, that it can never encrease, yet my passion doth and will, untill I have the happinesse to kisse your hands, and that you receive again

Your Owne

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 3.

My Dearest,

Were the person as writes this as gallant as that ambitious heart, which dare love you and tell you so, prompts him to be, he would then venture to begg a wellcom for this paper, which did, as it were, disdain to receive an

an impression from a hand so mean as hath done nothing yet in your service. But oh Heavens ! most divine Soul ! how happy should I account my self, if J could change my condition with that of this innocent paper, just when your lovely hand (perhaps wanting other conveniency) may guide it to your most delicate breasts, where is seated a delight farre beyond expression : let me then, instead of that happinesse, obtain the continuance of your most endearing esteem. Then must J live; yet if otherwise, die

Your Owne,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 4.

I Should be unworthy both of health and life, if the preservation of either of them could be any obstacle to that perfect happinesse J enjoy when J see you ; pardon then Madam J beseech you, that absence which was caused by your own commands; yet must J needs confesse my owne reputation required as much from me, telling me, J ought not to appeare before you without some testimonies of that just revenge which yet J owe to your enemies, and therefore mine. Let me then, J beseech you, see to morrow that deare person, who may expect a reall performance of all vov'es from

Her Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 5.

Madam,

YOU will not think it strange, that the knowledge of mine owne unworthinesse made me hitherto burst out in silent raptures, occasioned by the contemplation of your happines far above what the best of mens deserts could ever accumulate. When I tell you it was the onely reason which made me conceal an affection no whit inferiour to what might be tearmed most vertuous, in that time when my heart filled with admiration of so much majestie, sent my eyes as its Ambassadors to intreat pity, yet were often forced to returne blushing at their high presumption. But let me now take courage, and declare, 'tis your Effigies, my onely Deare, 'tis your Effigies would make me taste so high a blisse; 'tis your Effigies would protect me in extremity, nay make me immortall; to it in cruel absence I would breath forth my prayers, and prove, nothing creates so true a sense of Divinity, as the adoration of so divine an object: yes, you are divine (my Dearest) which makes me confident your pity will let live one who lives no longer then allowed by you, to be

Your Own

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 6.

Madam,

YOU may very well wonder at my impudence in begging still the preservation of your esteem, mine owne conscience checking me for having done nothing that mought deserve the least share of it, did not your rare acknowledgement make ordinary civilities appear high vertues by the incomparable returns you make them. May not J then assure my self, that all men would admire my fortune, & adore your worth, did they know, you not onely gave me a chaste humour worthy of commendation, but also honour it with the noble retaliation of owning me for yours: you may be confident I had writ sooner, had the Sabbath made more hast to excuse us from travel, having not till then any possibility of sending; oblige me then yet farther, by informing me of your health in your letter, my mother having promised to inclose it in hers: could any one assure you of my health but your self, I would not fail to do it. You may then be confident you are the sole Protectress of his, who disdains to live any longer then he is

Your

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 7.

Most adored,

IF you with an impartiall eye would review your owne perfections, you would find, that to them alone belongs so large a tribute of praise; to them alone is due an acknowledgement beyond utterance. It's you, my dear divine
Soul,

Soul, whom no expression can define: of what one good then may I boast, unless that having a clear and unspotted mind, not much unlike the Moon, receive and retain my light from your most Sun-like vertue, to which no dark misfortune can cause a shade: then let not a cloud interpose him, and your most obliging favour, who loves you with admiration, and serves you with so reall a fidelity, as may in length of time in part, deserve the most glorious title of

Your Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 8.

My Goddess,

I Do not likely, but upon a serious contemplation, judge this presumption is unpardonable, did it not tend to the preservation of a life, though too meane a sacrifice for one breath of your commands; yet is it such, as resolves not to draw breath longer then warranted by your most indearing esteem; but recollecting my memorie, and finding no absolute command against this conveniencie of discovering my feares, occasioned by a stinging jealousie of mine own unworthinesse. Let me therefore, my most sweet Saint, obtain one cordial line to revive a heart so damp't, that is plunging into despair, being confident that from your generous pity of my passionate soul proceeds so rare an acceptance, not from my weak deserts. Then still have pity, my Dearest, have pity upon one who dies till he sees you to be by you bid live, and hope, that whilest vertuous, he may continue

Your own

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 9.

My Dearest,

WHat language or expression can you expect from a miserable wretch, just ready to be drench'd in a sea of despair? Must my other misfortune serve as an Index to discover to you the poorness of my soul, in that I could not better dispute my liberty? But O Jesus, ! had I guessed at your ensuing hate, certainly I should have left my body a prey to those Vultures, rather then thus endure your torturing displeasure. To give you then that satisfaction which you desire, being the onely person who is most dear to me, I do swear by your most sweet perfections; which oath I will never infringe, that unless you will be pleased to pity my extremities, upon a true relation of my misery, I will, as I have hitherto lived, so speedily die

Your Martyr, and

Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 10.

Madam,

IHave hopes that your Ladiships knowledge of me bids you be confident it was rather a feare to displease you, then any neglect which forbade me by lines to express the most innocent and most respectful affection in the world. I would have begged this favour the last time I had the honour to see you, had not my own thoughts told me it was many degrees beyond my merit, yet my brothers coming offe-

offering me this conveniency, makes me presume upon your acceptance: let it then be lawfull, dear Madam, for me to write, when cruel absence denies me to speak, and tell you, that I love you far beyond what the readiest wit is able to express. The widow hath very much need of your visite; denie not her, who counts her chaines most glorious, and whose whole studie is to preserve your esteem, with that in-dearing title of

Your Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER II.

My Dearest,

WERE I assured my face could so trecherouslie belie my heart, as to perswade you it ever entertained a thought unworthy of me, and injurious to your most serene vertue, you should not so soon desire revenge, as it should be performed by my self, an impartial Judge, and most ready executioner of so vile a miscreant. But if, mine onely Dear, swearing by the Eternal God, you will not believe me, how may I even perswade you, your perfections have so Divine a light, that all others, when compared to them, appear dimme, and as nothing: Since then my looks cannot promise so well for me, as my heart by my tongue can protest, may I not justlie hate the former, whose ugliness promotes my ruine, unlesse you in pitie save me, who in dying your Martyr, proves

Your Own

Dick Pettingall,

LETTER 12.

My Souls sole Deity,

IT's impossible to make a discovery of my sublime thoughts but by lines so weak, that they cannot bear the least part of their lustre. Certainlie there is a far more readie way to discern a passionate soul, the eyes at such a time proving the hearts most faithfull Ambassadors; read then in mine that high affection, far above the reach of the more pichie expression. Had I more wit then love, perhaps I might with elegant words and smooth sentences, better please your high genius: but since it is not so, pardon then his weak language, who is so much yours in realitie, as renders him ambitious to assume the title of

Your Own

Dick Pettingall.



Mary Martens Letter to R. Pettingall.

Most dear Sir,

YOU may admire your self in keeping an esteem so farre short of your worth; if your conscience checked you, it was for saying you had done nothing that deserved my esteem; and that which you account so ordinary; misse my *Dick*, where would you finde it? would you make me believe I made you chaste? I found you chaste, and the most that can be attributed to me is the continuance of it, nay, not that for chastity would have accompanied all your other rare vertues. O God! did you but know your selfe, then would you pitie me, for being deprived of so rare a companion, yet I like well what you have done, knowing it is in obedience to your dear Mother. Mr. *Marten* is going into *Derbishire*. O God! all happines wait on you both, though so much the less fall to the share of her that wishes you have My dear *Dick*,

N

Mary Marten.

ANOTHER.

Dear Sir,

Is a pardon requisite, where there is no crime, and vertue so predominant; as appears in you? then am I happie, to own Letters from so deare a hand, and do accept them more welcome to me then any thing, except Mr. *Marten*, or Mr. *Marten's*, I will ever acknowledge him to be more deare then all the world, and next the company of my chaste and vertuous *Dick*, is most pleasing to me.

Mary Marten.

A Letter written by Marten's Lady, upon a distast taken against the Lady B-----, suspecting Martens too much familiarity.

Madam,

It could never before enter into my thoughts, that you could make shew of any thing more then what was reall, but plainly seeing you have, am bold to tel you, I had rather have found that in any other, provided you had missed it; but since it is so, I beg your pardon, and tell my self what a fool I was, to be more knowing (in what was for your good) then your self; you let me see my measure of confidence and weaknesse, yet this let me say, I aimed at your greatest good, as I thought, what can tell you I did not? and if I did, and you did apprehend it so, and will take to the contrary. O God! how you distract me! I will trouble you no farther: but if you will know more, tell your selfe the rest: And that I am,

Your servant and friend,

Mary Marten.



An Answer to a Letter, called a Copy
of Henry Marten's Letter, in vin-
dication of the Murther of the late
KING CHARLES.

SIR,

IF this Title be your own, as I do not think you such a fool as so to indorse it, there needs no farther dispute, the businesse is confessed, That you and your fellow Rebels Murthered the King, for which you intend to repent as much as you do for the breach of the seventh Commandment. Would any one imagine that you should (as you pretend) sweep that Augæan Stable of thy conscience cleane of murther, and let *Mal* lye there; not so much as disturbed? Can an unrepenting Whoremaster be a Pious Rebel? O base hypocrisie!

But forward. What rigours hast thou found, but what you deserved? and more dolorous you deserve then you have found; who by a bold Apology dare to entayle Rebellion to the World, and furnish Fanaticks with at least so much reason, as thou pretendest to enjoy. I say of thy wit, (for wisdom it is not) as was said of the *Emperour Galba*, *Ingenium tuum male habitat*: Never so much wit in so foul and filthy a pericranium or scituation.

It is not the varnisht speeches of yours and your Brother *Hall*, that was lately executed, will ever make good that unparalleled Crime, for which he died, and you may. Yet

I

I professe I do not wish your Corporal pennance, nor damnation, nor *Cromwells*, nor any of his most wicked adherents, though I have been undone by all of you. May you live to sing a *Palinodia*, and let the neck verse and *Psalms of Mercy* alone, I could never endure writh'd necks, nor any thing strangled, though it were at *Tyburn*. But such a person as should say, the King is not above his people *conjunctim*, but *divisim*, or in your own words, *major singulis*, but not *universis* or *Collectim* is a most desperate villain, and not fit to live in a Kingdom, which kind of Government, how much it exceeds a state Democratical, I refer you to that most excellent piece of *Mr Wrens*, in his answer to *Har-ringtons Oceana*. Did you never read *Horace, Hall*? Do you not remember there? rub up your memorie; for as to other things I believe you are bewitched. Can you forget these verses (the practice of which you have?)

*Omne sub Regno graviore regnum est
Regum timendum in proprios greges.
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.*

And dare you, (pretending to Christianitie and the reading onely of Scriptures, which gives Kings superiority over all, and commands subjection even to Heathen Emperors) assert that Kings are answerable to their own barrs, which is a contradiction in Antithesi, and against the very Municipal laws of our own land.

You say you would never have signed the Warrant for the Kings death, if you had thought it should have been a stirrop for *Crommel* to have been made Stork Regent. But *Hall*, you forget your Grammar too. Honest *Lilly*, who taught you this sentence. *Inspientis est dicere non putaram.* And take this in answer to all the rest of your nonsense arguments out of the same Grammarian, that

*Regis est
Parcere subiectis & debellare superbos.*

You

You say it troubles you for that most admirable Statesman's murther, the Earl of *Sirafford*, but you speak not a word of relenting for that excellent Prelate, Arch-Bishop *Laud*, whose bloud you are as guilty of as of that Heroick Earl, or of the most pious Martyr *K. Charles* the first. I know what incens'd you. The Coercive powers of Ecclesiastical Courts against your vices: *Purbeck* and *Mall* were his crimes, but farewell. Read such a Text as Prov. 20. v. 2. and one Grammar example, *Mulieri ne credas, ne mortua quidem*. That *Mortua*, I mean, is in sin (*Hall*.)

You say also, If you had thought of the filthy consequences, you would not have voted, this devoured Warre, was the parent of all the mischiefs you brought upon others (so long you were contented) And your self at last: there was the *Colloquintida*, that kills Crowes (*Hall*.)

Upon my Bedel-ship (*Hall*) thou art in the right, that His Majestie thought he died unjustlie, especiallie when the worst of men sate in judgement upon the best of Princes, when Wolves, and Goats, and Foxes, usurped the chaire of Execution, & condemned (Alas! what could they do else?) the Lamb of the Land, whose innocent blood, had it cryed for justice (as thou gav'st it without relenting) thou hadst not this day had leisure to repent,

But (*Hall*) you have a sting in the end of this Paragraph, that is, *The Parliament, or the Council of State, had forbore to acquaint the KING with his subjection to the Law*. By which filthy Sentence you would insinuate, at least, that he was, and his Successor is, under the lash of it. God forbid, that Kings should act any thing contrarie to their Lawes, that is, pardon Murtherers, Adulterers; yet if they should by their Perogative mercie do such a thing, certainly those that had the benefit of their Grace, should not call in question their power.

power. It is one thing to be an *exactor operis*, and *Exactor operis*; another thing to be under the Law. The King (*Hall*) is to see every man do the duty belonging to the offices under him, not to provide so carefully for his subjects, that they should be Masters over him.

I will not trouble you with the 51. Psalm, nor the Lamentation, though the first vindicates your objection, the second will well become the objector. Law-givers (not Law-contrivers, nor Money-granters) are above the Lawes they make: understand me rightly, not so above, as not to doe Right *ad libitum*, but so above, that if they doe otherwise (which God forbid) no law of their own can reach their persons. Did *Nathan* say any thing to *David*, but that he had sinned against the Lord? and I presume his commission was higher then *Hendersens*.

Kings are Gods (that is, *Loco Dei*) by Lieutenancie, and they shall die like men, but not by men, that is, by their subjects, by a Court of highest Injustice, though otherwise called.

Now suppose you had no murderous intention, that is still as much as to say, You did think you did right in giving your bloody vore: It cannot be supposed, no more then you can suppose that you intend no lust, nor Fornication, nor Adultery, when you leap into the armes of another Ladie, and renounce your own wife's. For as to that, also it may be replied, that you doe it for the conservation of your handsome Species, for the educing of such another, as God never send; that is, *Tui similitis per omnia*, which never a Chance-lour in *England* register, nor *Apparitor* will ever believe, or allow, nay, your own Dad, were he alive, would have made you commute for doing and saying so. Farewell, without beha'g'd.

Yet for all our civil *Vale*, take heed how you depart, for *Old Nick* has an absolute coercive authority, and never allowed any coordinate Powers, States, nor Parliaments, within

wit hin his infernall Dominions ; for that were to make a division in his Elaboratories, which he will never suffer, but creates and makes these schismes amongst us here, which he punishes severely there, though he set you all on work.

Good *Hall* take heed of fire and brimstone, 'tis not so pleasant as *Mall*, *Myrtle*, and *Jessimine*.

I shall conclude all with this short story of your self, which was transacted in the Physick-garden at *Oxford*, where these lines were wrote. You came to caress *Mall* with some bottles, and other incentives to the sport ; when she, upon some default in her shoo-latchet, stoop'd to amend it, but arising up, you fell down, and snuffed up the aire of the place she stood upon, thinking she had drop't some Essences from her *Cape bona Speranza*, and as if you had been borne when the signe was in *Taurus*, so extended your nose, as if you had been *Marten Bull*.

 POSTSCRIPT

POST-SCRIPT to Coll. MARTEN.

Did I not honour some honorable and gentle Relations of yours, I could have been larger, and every where made your Letters by some marginal notes more facious. I have not, I protest, wronged a *pundum* in yours, nor a Parenthesis in your Ladies Epistles. I am a Historian, not a Commentator, and they say that those are most faithful of them, who tell *Res gestas sine censuris vel commentariis*: wherefore 'tis said, that *Livy* was a better Historian than *Tacitus*, and this the better Statesman.

Why Sir, give me leave to take notice of your familiar compilation of your money, sometimes you call it *Malle* and *Philips*, sometimes *regny Bosses*, sometimes *Favier*, sometimes *Chiffres*, which is a sign that you like them better in their stamps than in their offices and Royal functions. Well, thy face would have made as good a *Numisme*, or *Medaille*, as *Plutarch*, *Claudius*, or *Gulcher*, with this motto or inscription, *Nominem amo Quinquagesimo*. This advizo, and I conclude, though as to the sense and words of it, they are as you are, much conversant, *cum modis*, read them, *Psalm* 119. v. 2. That *Impudor* in the Text is a *Rebel* in some Commentators: And *Each* in 6. v. 12.

PINIS
CORONAT OPUS.

I am for the Crown still.